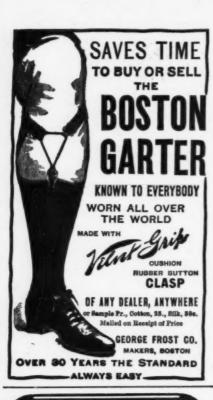
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THE DAISIES.

In the great green park with the wooden palings-

The wooden palings so hard to climb— There are ferns and foxglove, primrose and violet.

And green things growing all the time; And out in the open the daisies grow, Pretty and proud in their proper places; Millions of white-frilled daisy-faces,

Millions and millions—not one or two— And they call to the bluebells down in the wood.

"Are you out?—are you in? We have been so good

All the schooltime winter through;

But now it's playtime,

The gay time, the May time, We are out at play—where are you?"

In the gritty garden inside the rail-

The spiky railings all painted green, There are neat little beds of geranium and fuchsia

With never a happy weed between.
There's a neat little grass-plot, bald in places

And very dusty to touch;

A respectable man comes once a week To keep the garden weeded and swept; To keep it as we don't want it kept.

He cuts the grass with his mowing-machine

And we think he cuts it too much.

But even on the lawn all dry and gritty
 The daisies play about.
 They are so brave as well as so pretty

You cannot keep them out.

I love them, I want to let them grow,

But that respectable man says no. He cuts off their heads with his mowing-machine

Like the French Revolution guillotine. He sweeps up the poor little pretty faces,

The dear little white-frilled daisy faces, Says things must be kept in their proper places—

He has no frill round his ugly face— I wish I could find his proper place! E. Nesbit.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

THE PAST.

Touch now the lute in soft and dreamful wise,

As we who listen give a thought for those

Who dwelt here long ago; and saw the skies

Flush'd in you evening west with tragic rose.

Their melody was yours; and in your face

The charm of their brief passion I behold.—

Frail beauty fugitive like April's grace, And yet delaying like the sunset-gold.

Ah summer night of peace, and early wings

About the gates of dawn,—can heaven say

More than thy lyric dimness leading day

From shadow unto splendor?—whisperings

Of death are in the leaves, and yet we pray

That dying we may hear the bird that sings.

8. 8.

The Academy.

MOOR FIRES.

Go, Shepherds, light the heather,
And where it flowers in flame,
On every blazing hilltop,
A conqueror proclaim.

Your fires a chosen people
Shall guide the pole-star way,
With torch to cleave at midnight,
With cloudy shaft by day.

Encompassing the valley
They leap, a ruddy ring,
And mark on edge and upland
The bivouacs of Spring.

Go, Shepherds, fire the heather,
For where it flares and dies,
Spring's smoky banners streaming,
Shall stain the noonday skies.

Marna Pease.

The Spectator.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE SOCIALIST STATE.

1. Who can fail to speculate concerning the future of Christianity, under new social forms?

Through all change the religion of Christ has manifested constantly new phases of moral and spiritual power. Marvellous in versatility and ingenuity has been its course under untoward skies! For fifteen hundred years European society presented an aristocratic structure founded upon force. Despite its naturally democratic instincts, Christianity made the most of the moral opportunities offered by this ré-It placed its emphasis on obedience to authority, religious and secular, and by this means gave the young races the discipline essential to their At the same time it called progress. its chosen to a complete withdrawal from a world it could modify but not subdue, and held up through the great monastic orders an uncompromising standard of humility and non-resist-Slowly the social situation changed: to the Ages of Violence succeeded the Age of Greed. Feudalism died: Capitalism entered upon the ·scene. During the period of transition the Renascence brought with it, correl-, ative to the expanse of commerce, a new passion for liberty and intellectual light. Christianity discovers the necessity for these things on the religious side: Protestantism is born and intellectual courage and inward freedom become the gifts which Christianity gives The last two centhe changing order. turies in which industrialism has come to its own witness the gravest check yet experienced by the religious consciousness. We instinctively feel that modern commercial and competitive civilization is even further removed than the Middle Ages from the will and spirit of Jesus: for the deliberate selfseeking which it has encouraged as its

basal virtue is in more dangerous antagonism to His teachings than that naif acceptance of the rule of the strongest that shaped mediæval society. He rebuked violence always less severely than greed. Yet, during the control of this industrial system-a control from which we hope that we may soon escape-we see the Christian temper, while temporarily powerless to overcome the evils and experiencing in consequence an ebb-tide of spiritual passion, at least utilizing modern social misery and terror to engender a resolute sympathy, a social devotion to service, that are both good in themselves and must rank high among the forces of emancipation. In such various ways has the religion of Christ penetrated the heart and mind, wresting from the false and the imperfect in every stage of development, ever fresh means of education and discipline, while with constant firmness it has pointed to the ideal city where the will of its Lord shall be more perfectly manifest. If we may judge from the past, there is no reason to fear lest Christianity fail in power to adapt itself to a new order, or to furnish what correctives and stimuli such an order may be able to receive.

The situation toward which we are apparently on the way is extremely interesting. Force and greed die hard. nor does any one expect that they will . ever be eliminated from human nature. But the civilizations definitely founded on them do seem to be passing away. Armaments still absorb the wealth of nations; yet, in the large, military organization has yielded to industrial, and warfare, in the West, is reduced more and more, like the orthodox hell, to a logical necessity in the background. Commerce continues its Moloch-like career; yet mere economy in production

begins to demand the elimination of the human and material waste that it now entails. The basis of these papers is the assumption that a new society, industrial rather than militant, co-operative rather than competitive, is coming to the birth. Christian ethics will have an opportunity to operate for the first time in this society, in harmony with the general forces of social prog-Can we expect that the religion which has shown so great vitality while existing on sufferance, is likely to disappear when its ethics have permeated the social structure?

It is hardly thinkable. And yet people are not lacking to claim that the very triumph of Christian principles means that the work of Christianity is done. For these principles will in the days to come, they claim, no longer need the support of definite creeds. Christianity is fading out of conscious life even as it comes ethically to its own.

There are grave reasons for supporting this position. The socialist movement, which seems to hold the lead in our onward progress, was non-Christian in origin, is anti-Christian in animus. Influences quite outside of Christianity, moreover, are exerting an increasing influence among us. Add one more to these sufficiently pregnant facts. Religious authority, in the old sense, is a vanished illusion. Under its fostering care, as administered by the Church Catholic, mediæval Europe was nur-It has fought hard to hold its own: it has ceased to exist. "I went by, and lo! it was gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more."

2. These are plausible and powerful considerations. But the future holds its secrets well. One certitude is forced on us: the assurance that it is unlikely that Christianity will retain so nominally exclusive a sway as it has hitherto done in Western Europe. Already this exclusiveness is breaking,

and new faiths, some more or less loosely allied to it, others defiantly separating themselves from its terminology, begin to arise. It is highly probable that the day of its conventional social control is passing and will soon be forgotten. The time will come when the Christian faith will have to fight for right of way among crowding antagonists as vigorously as in the times of Athanasius and Augustine.

And in thoughts like these all genuine Christians must rejoice. Without the call to high adventure, the faith has never flourished. A wise leader has pointed out that Christianity is today suffering from diffusion at the cost of intensity. The believer draws a deep breath of relief in forecasting a society in which it will have lost all artificial prestige, and must meet its rivals face to face on fair terms, contending with them in an open field. What prospect could so release us from those modern languors which debilitate our souls?

We may already discern two chief attitudes, which may or may not crystallize into systems, but which will surely draw to themselves a large proportion of religious feeling in the social democracv. The first, and perhaps the dominant, will be a new hedonism, strengthened probably by the revelations of science and informed by the mystical pantheism for which democratic forms of society have a special affinity. Whitman-like religion it will be, instinct with undiscriminating reverence for all manifestations of life, crying with William Blake, "Everything that lives is holy," and assigning to natural impulses a controlling rôle. Immanential ideas will entirely have superseded transcendental. Somewhat checked, perhaps, by the social principles that will demand protection for the physical well-being of the race, this attitude will, on the whole, tend to obliterate the older moral categories in favor of

a religion emotional, tolerant, more or less fatalistic, in which the sympathies will be strongly developed and the disciplines ignored. Much of the defiant feeling generated in the schools of revolt flows already into this channel. One foresees new throngs of devout adherents in a state where the fiercer passions will be held more in leash than now, and a generally diffused well-being will tend to reproduce in human society, to a superficial view, the nonmoral harmonies of Nature. The faith may well be organized, and assume varying forms-some crass and crude, others exquisitely alluring. Various sects will probably appear, some repudiating with distaste all form and ceremony, while others develop a sumptuous ritual rich in symbolic rites.

This new hedonism will be the natural outcome of the scheme of things, exhaling without effort from the social order. By its side there may well arise, in reaction, more ascetic schools, repudiating the life of the flesh as wholly Inspired by ancient Eastern traevil. dition, and reinforced, perhaps, by psychical science, these schools will take advantage of the ever-persistent craving to work out the perfection of the soul through the disciplines of mortification. They will summon men swiftly to disencumber themselves of all earthly preoccupations that their pilgrimage to eternity may be more sure. Like the first, they may have their ritual and hierarchy, and we can imagine the contrast in type of the priests of the two orders. The Utopians, so Sir Thomas More tells us, had two kinds of priests. The one set were cheerful married folk, enjoying life in its fulness and calling others to share their joys. The second were ascetic and celibate. "The Utopians," remarks sage Sir Thomas, "esteem the first kind the wiser, but they count the others as more holy."

These moods, not yet crystallized, are

of course even now prevalent, both within and without the Christian Church. That they have valuable elements no one would deny. That they are, when taken in exclusive emphasis, unchristian, though for different reasons, is equally clear. Against all such theories Christianity is even now half consciously struggling. On what grounds must she base her future appeal against these rivals of hers?

To answer, we must turn away from the elements common to Christianity and other religions. The Christian who finds his own religion supremely life-giving will hold that all which gives life in any faith is found in his own creed, free from over-emphasis. But apart from this inclusiveness, he must find in the Christian formula some permanent and unique norm or germ of power.

3. Every thinker naturally makes his own attempt to analyze and define this essence of Christianity. Loisy. Harnack, Tolstoi, has each his formula. Matthew Arnold, the keen precursor of these schools, perhaps did as well as any when he declared the essence of Christianity to consist in the method and secret of Jesus: the method of inwardness, the secret of self-renuncia-Yet with all respect to that lucid tion. and honest thinker, how unsatisfactory any such formulæ appear! Inwardness, self-renouncement-has Christianity proclaimed these more loudly than any other religion has done? More modern definitions on the same lines fare no better. Are we not driven to feel that the distinctive strength of a religion is not found in noble ethical suggestions such as these, sure to be held in common with other faiths? Must we not rather find that distinctive . strength in the help the religion affords our whole thinking and feeling being to relate itself to the eternal? So the great saints have thought; they ought to know better than we.

ing at the matter, not abstractly, but in the light of Christian history, what gifts have been judged most precious? What have men defended with most ardent passion, illustrated in their characters and lives?

The greatest gift of Christianity to the world is doubtless the Image of Jesus-that personality which, "lifted up on the Cross, lifted up into glory," draws all men to Himself. This is not the place to discuss the historic support for that Image, nor the process made constantly clearer by modern scholarship, through which It came to represent to the faithful all they could know of God, and became, as It still remains, central to the obedience and the adoration of the Christian world. But looking into the life of the Christian ages, we should not be far wrong if we noted twofold conceptions guarding and preserving that gift. On the side of the daring effort to reveal something of the nature of ultimate reality, that startling, misused, profoundly original hypothesis, the doctrine of the Trinity: on the safer side of man's direct experience of the Divine working through the human, the doctrines of the Incarnation and the Atonement. These ideas of course have their parallels in other religions, but they have at least proved central to devotion and been esteemed essential by Christian life as well as thought, throughout the ages before the modern eclipse of faith. Narrow applications and interpretations of these ancient doctrines are exhausted; yet even to-day, in spite of liberalizing tendencies, they hold a sway surprisingly As we recognize the power they have shown, as history went on, to meet new needs, it will surely be pertinent to dwell on their probable future. If these are to be swept away, it is hard to assert that religion would be, in any specific sense, Christian, however it might retain that common fund of persistent ethical ideals which Christianity shares with all other life-giving religions.

4. Is the doctrine of the Trinity, for instance, the mere expression of pseudometaphysical speculation that is now only an historic curiosity? Or is it conceivable that this symbol of the inexpressible will appear less arbitrary, more satisfying to man thinking religiously, as time unfolds? Theological terms are notoriously kittle cattlehard to drive and sadly likely to mislead their herdsmen. Yet perhaps it is not fantastic to believe that in the future, "that social thought of God," as Phillips Brooks used to say, "which we call the doctrine of the Trinity," may be more clearly interpreted, nay, demanded, by the constitution of society and the modes of human life than ever before. Why should not its message come with new force to a generation nurtured in every nerve and fibre of its mental being by the social democracy? Certainly the conception of the Divine implied in it is more richly and closely related to human life than that of a barren and aristocratic monotheism. Here is William James restlessly insisting that pluralistic or polytheistic beliefs would afford a better intellectual attack than monotheism on the ultimate realities. Why should not what he means find satisfaction in that Christian thought of the Final Mystery in which not only diverse aspects of One Being, but also centres of consciousness diversely related to the universe even while inter-dependent, are dimly discerned? Tritheism has become absurd; but can the older monotheism content a generation possessed by the growing sense of multiplicity in unity, both in regard to the study of Nature and to human experience? The development of the social consciousness, which will be the chief psychical result of the new society, will inevitably react upon the idea of God. Do we not begin to perceive a possible trend of such reaction? Probably we cannot imagine how far the new social intuition may lead us toward the destruction of separateness, even while individuality is maintained, so that men will divine each the mind and the heart of the other, feeling, acting in unison while forfeiting in no degree the miracle of individual life. May not the trinitarian formula be a natural outcome in devout minds of such experience?

But let us turn from these inexpressible hints to simpler thoughts. the doctrine of the Trinity, Christian thought was struggling to express its superb perception that love was eternal. It belonged in its origin, not to the contingent, the transitory, but to the essence of Infinite Being. Save for the clumsy phrases concerning a division of persons in the Godhead, how could this great truth have been expressed? Pressing behind the visible and temporal universe, in the depths of the Uncreated, thought divined Love pres-Faith in a ent from the beginning. Son, "begotten before all worlds," through a relation conceived as the archetype to the most sacred human experience, in a Spirit ever "proceeding from the Father and the Son," and in that eternal procession excluding from Deity the least possibility of limitation or self-absorption, represented the final triumph of religious thought. It lifted over a world ravaged by hate and selfishness its desperate, glorious assertion that the abiding reality was found, not in isolation, but in fellowship; not in self-seeking, but in a giving of self to the uttermost; not in personality shut in upon itself, but in an equal interchange of love attaining that highest unity which only differentiation can produce. Such, doubtless, was the impulse underlying the trinitarian formula. It is an impulse likely, in the future, as we have seen, to be strengthened; that it will cling to the old formula we cannot assert, yet we may say

that the full meaning of that formula should be revealed as never before as the meaning of human fellowship grows more intense and our power deepens to realize the vast complex of centres of experience which are yet mystically and absolutely one.

5. These are high matters. Thought gropes and stumbles less in turning to other ideas, closely interwoven with the effort to express the farthest reaches of the Divine Nature, yet more directly and tenderly within the range of human experience. Faith in Incarnation and Atonement has been through * Christian history central to the devotion of the faithful. Holding men with a power inconceivable had the life of Jesus not been lived, the extent of the need to which they minister is evidenced by their presence in other religions. Nowhere else, however, have they passed from theory into the very heart of life and become effectively operative.

Now "incarnational" ideas would find logical place and development in the socialist commonwealth as they have never done before. These social institutions would afford the natural soil in which they and the kindred doctrine of a Holy Spirit, indwelling in nature, and more especially in consecrated humanity, could flourish; the doctrines in their turn would give exactly the needed sanction to democratic and yet more to socialistic theory. It would seem that these doctrines must have had a severe struggle to commend or maintain themselves during the Middle Ages and earlier, when the natural order was regarded by the spiritually minded as an asset of the powers of And indeed, from the days when early gnosticisms, shrinking affrighted and disgusted from the idea of a real Incarnation, forced Catholic thought to the great affirmations of the Athanasian Creed, we can plainly watch the struggle. It was a struggle

never abandoned. The Christian who is also a socialist can say with at least strong show of truth that, despite superficial appearances to the contrary, it has really been the belief in the Incarnation, working in the depths, misunderstood by its most ardent adherents, that has led the Western nations on to their present strong and clear demand for the rehabilitation of the natural order. Much confusion obtains at this point, and people from both camps will cry out against us. surely the Christian who reproaches the socialist with materialism because he wants to begin the process of social redemption with the establishment of right physical conditions is disloyal. Belief that the spirit must and can be revealed only through the instrument of flesh, is natural to one who has knelt at Bethlehem. In the doctrine of the Incarnation is the warrant to all thinking Christian men for the socialist hope. so scouted by many followers of a false idealism, that the effective protection of bodily health and material decencies will emancipate the higher life of mind and spirit. And we may surely picture to ourselves this doctrine, so closely associated with the most effective Teacher of the ethics that must underlie the very foundations of the socialist state, commending itself more completely in that state than ever before.

And further: in the faith in the Incarnation and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit-apprehended as they have always been within Western Christendom, but with increasing clearnessmay lie the corrective for those exclusively immanential ideas which already threaten to become current. For these doctrines present the point of union for transcendental and immanential thought. To the Christian that power which expresses God through man is no mere product of an evolving Nature: it must descend from above. That Spirit

who is the Lord and Giver of life is not only the soul

That wields the world with neverwearied love,

Sustains it from below and quickens it above,

as the all but inspired verse implies; it flows in upon us from a region beyond the universe we know or surmise. These ideas will doubtless be modified and enriched as thought goes on and But if, on large experience deepens. lines, they can hold their own, they will counteract the risk always involved in purely Pantheistic schemes; first, of, weakening the moral sense; and second, of blurring the vision of an absolute perfection beyond the changing order, and thus, in the long run, destroying the possibility of progress and producing, as in the East, a civilization that does not move onward, but returns upon itself from age to age.

6. Among all ideas potent in historic Christianity, that of the Atonement is to-day the most unpopular. esties and crude forms, long abandoned of all thinking people, are still attacked as if they were living faiths, with a repugnance which measures the wholesome horror they have inspired. Yet apparently, there is something in the idea which will not be ignored. though all thought of propitiating an angry god or buying off a malignant devil has faded, the faith in redemption as essential, as accomplished, works secretly at the heart of all which lives in the old religion. Types of Christianity that evade it grow pallid, formal, and cold. Still the Cross crowns the pinnacles of our churches, rises from countless altars, is hidden in the Still the Euhearts of the faithful. charistic Feast shows forth the Lord's death till He come and summon His disciples to "fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ." The ideal of sacrifice, deeply implanted in all great religious, has been transfigured by Christianity with strange new glory. Should it perish, whatever name the religion of the future may bear, this will not be the Christianity known to Europe for nigh two thousand years.

But it is against this very ideal that the psychical forces of the socialist state are sure to rally with most antagonistic vigor; here we may say, in all reverence, the crux of the coming struggle will be found. For what the doctrine of the Atonement implies is the repudiation of all easy-going hedon-A growing revolt against sacrificial ideas has been coincident with the rise of democracy. In the co-operative commonwealth a yet more pervading reverence for life in its fulness, a deepening confidence in human nature, will involve a loathing of mutilation in any form which may well seem incompatible with the teaching of the Cross. The religion of Christ, if this teaching be indeed its centre, may look forward to the fiercest struggle that it has ever vet known. Other leading doctrinal conceptions-those of the Trinity and of the Incarnation-may, as we have seen, find response from the deeper instincts born of the New Order. in this final mystery, which completes the ministry of Christianity to the soul and its power as an educating force, will run athwart the surface impulses of civilization and must be maintained, if at all, in contradiction to its apparent laws.

Yet, unless the teaching of the Cross can endure, our labor, from the Christian point of view, will have been all in vain. First, because in no soft civilization can the soul attain its growth; then, because opportunity for martyrdom is essential to fulness of life.

Christianity will not, indeed, be alone in recognizing the need for explation and atonement. Those ascetic types of religion which, as we have seen, are likely to come flooding in from the East,

offering correctives to the general case, will summon their votaries to strange But these reliself-mortifications. gious will form a current opposed, not only to the superficial dangers, but also to the creative and healthful forces by which the new society will be nour-For they are all alike founded ished. on ingrained distrust and repudiation of the world of sense. Now the value of pure asceticism is over. The distinctive mark and crowning honor of Christianity is the clearness with which it combines perception of the necessity for sacrifice with full faith in the sanctity of the natural order when once redeemed by love. If a religion of sacrifice is to hold its ground at all, we should surely wish it to prevail in the Christian form rather than in forms that run counter to the best instincts and gains of democracy.

Love holds the key to the situation. Why is it true that martyrdom is life at its height? Not because suffering is in itself good-we may hope that this ugly fallacy will never be believed againbut because only through suffering can love, which is the end of all personal and social striving, be manifest and per-Not all suffering is sacrifice. fected. But we should not be far wrong if we said that only suffering which is sacrifice can ennoble. It should then be the aim of social advance to reduce as much as possible all pain that is not sacrificial-but only in order that sacrificial pain may shine forth as the crowning glory to which character can Unless the future offer opporattain. tunity for such glory we must account it a failure. A community in which, to quote one socialist school, "the good of the individual and the good of the whole can never be at odds," might be the meanest ever known, for love might know no heroisms there. The summons to that Way of the Cross which is the Way of Life must sound through all the amenities and melodies of the

gentle civilization of our dreams; otherwise our boasted commonwealth of life will be a commonwealth of death, and a race "with ghastly smooth life, dead at heart, tame in earth's paddock for her prize," will cruelly mock the martyrdoms through which its freedom has been won.

The true test of a religion of sacrifice is to come. During those early Christian centuries, so racked by violence, men clung desperately to the Cross as the only refuge from a world of pain. The sign of a redeeming agony, erected at the centre of the market-place, rising from sweet country ways, taught everywhere its silent lesson and led men on to ardors of mortification and devotion in which egotistic fears and false theories of life often mingled with nobler things. Those days, with their special incentives and confusions, will never return. When their stern props are removed, when life on the surface shall have become pacific, productive, easily fraternal, will it become selfish and enervating too?

No: for the goal of perfection is infinitely far, and advance will show new reaches of the way. It will have taken close on two thousand years-perhaps quite two thousand-to achieve the social acceptance of the ethical ideals of Christianity. This victory will be no signal for pause. From the beginning a sterner teaching was implicit in the words of the Founder of the Faith; but it was revealed only to those who had received the elementary laws of the Not to the crowds of the Kingdom. Mount of Beatitudes, but to a straggling group of footsore apostles, was the command issued to take up the Cross and follow Him; and only in the upper chambers, probably after the traitor had withdrawn, was the full force of the command, with its implications of life given for the Beloved, 1 Browning: "Easter Day."

Beyond what beckening ways the Cross may rise is not for us to see. Many opportunities for sacrifice will obviously be unchanged. Industrial relations do not constitute the whole of

So, in the long made wholly plain. unfolding through history of the teaching given in symbol and miniature during the earthly life of Jesus, the time may come for a harder struggle just where victory seems reached, "and where we look for crowns to fall, we find the tug's to come-that's all." The true idea of disinterested sacrifice can only come to its own when cruder theories of self-centred asceticism have been outgrown, and when the external conditions of life shall no longer force misery and endurance on the majority of a passive humanity. Scouted on the surface, the Law of the Cross must be the inner strength of a society that would realize brotherhood. Vicarious atonement! It has been the most scorned of all Christian doctrines; it is viewed to-day with cold incredulity. Yet it is entirely and superbly democratic, and the slow education of the race is bringing us to the point where it must come to its own, re-discovered, re-asserted, the culminating expression of the deepest intuitions fostered by the New Order. Through Christian history the doctrine has been a germ of growth, training the selfish peoples to a dim and confused perception that no man liveth or dieth to himself, and that there are no depths, spiritual or physical, at which he is powerless to help his brother. To-day, democracy and psychical science are combining to show us the unbelievably intimate unity of the life of the whole race-a unity so close that our own spiritual state undoubtedly sends its vibrations through the whole unseen universe, making at every moment for the salvation or destruction of the whole. And so they show us the actuality and meaning of the ancient doctrines.

life; the region of personal ties, for instance, will be unaffected, so far as chances for self-abnegation go, by changes in the social order. We cannot doubt, moreover, that the new society will offer new occasions. In repudiation of easily accessible opulence for the sake of a higher good; in subordination, always a harder task than rejection; it may be in lonely adventure into far realms of psychical experience from which the pioneer may bring back messages of hope for all, the law may be fulfilled.

But chiefly we must trust the very fact of social advance to engender an ever-new anguish that will call for an ever-new redemption. We cannot, even casually, contemplate sacrifice without encountering an obstinate phenomenon-the consciousness of sin Sin! The modern world evades the word. President Eliot has no place for it in his new religion. A clergyman, writing in this Journal, avows with a candor that claims respect, that it is to him repellent and meaningless. Yet conviction of sin is the first condition of growth. The thought of sacrifice implies not only a giving but a receiving, and the race that produces saviors must also need to be saved. The holiest men have always experienced the most bitter penitence; nor can we imagine it otherwise with the nobler community of our dreams. humanity that, through the joint pressure of economic and moral forces, has at last achieved social forms that express the alphabet of Christian ethics. must be increasingly sensitive to its moral failures if its success is to mean progress. One shrinks from imagining a society devoid of the life-giving sting of remorse. There will always be some to feel this sting. We cannot here sound, but we may at least recognize, the power of Christianity to meet their We saw it competent to correct the moral superficiality that may

be all too prevalent, by holding up its inexorable ideal of absolute holiness; we see it now competent to heal the wound of these souls of deeper insight; for in that very ideal, which is the Judge, it beholds, by miracle of grace, the Redeemer. The Supreme Sacrifice to which its eyes are turned has, as it claims, not risen from the natural order, but been manifest from above. So it is that the religion of the Cross has proved competent throughout history to quicken at once that sense of failure and that confident hope of renewal. from the union of which comes power to go on.

O Love of God! O sin of man!

In this dread hour your strength is tried.

And victory remains with love!

It seems unlikely that in any living civilization these lines should lose their force. That vision of perfection which Christian teachers hold aloft will always be needed. But the shadow of a Cross must always fall along a path where the vision of perfection sheds its light.

So thorny is this path of life that the only strength which has enabled man to tread in it is the belief that God has trodden it first. If the doctrine of the Trinity means that love was at the beginning, so Calvary means to the Christian heart that love is at the end also. A Deity who did not stoop to the last agony would be a God surpassed by man "In the one way of love"-man, so eager to die for his beloved-and so, no God at all. The Cross is necessary to the full conception of Godhead. So . awfully compelling is the vision of the Way of Sorrows with one despised and rejected moving along it to Calvary. that the most rebellious eyes must see it wherever they turn. In Ibsen's Emperor and Galilean, Julian the Apostate fights a life-long, losing battle against the Galilean, in the name of the fair glories of the Pagan world.

the night before his last conflict, he recounts a dream:-

"Where is He now? Has He been at work elsewhere, since that happened at Golgotha?

"I dreamed of Him lately. I dreamed that I ordained that the memory of the Galilean should be rooted out on earth. Then I soared aloft into infinite space till my feet rested on another world.

"But behold—there came a procession by me, on the strange earth where I stood. And in the midst of the slowmoving array was the Galilean, alive, and bearing a cross on His Back. Then I called to Him and said: 'Whither away, Galilean?' But He turned His Head toward me, smiled, nodded slowly, and said: 'To the Place of the Skull.'

"Where is He now? What if that at Golgotha, near Jerusalem, was but a wayside matter, a thing done as it were in passing, in a leisure hour? What if He goes on and on, and suffers, and dies, and conquers, again and again, from world to world?"

From world to world, also from age The great doctrine of the Atonement, like all the other Christian doctrines, is viewed more and more sub specie aternitatis. Under the growing perception of the divine fulfilled in the human, we come to know that redemption is achieved, not by a God working apart from His creation and performing isolated miracles, but by the union in sacrificial passion of all who would spend themselves for the world's need, following the Captain of their salvation. That such sacrifice is eternally necessary has always been clear to the Christian vision. That it will be less generally acknowledged in the coming age is highly probable. That it will ever die from the hearts of the faithful is not to be conceived. And in their very fidelity to this stern doctrine, repugnant to a civilization superficially smooth, in which the cruder incentives to faith are lacking, may be the ultimate test of loyalty. Opportunities for new martyrdoms will rise from the very conditions of the society we seek to evoke. For Calvary is ever near to the metropolis. We labor to "build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land," and hope to succeed in part. But though we obtain a better image than our fathers of that "Civitas Dei" for which their eyes have longed, we may rest in no compla-Beside our New Jerusalem, as cency. beside the Old, will rise the Hill of Gol-So it will be till we attain that Jerusalem which is above and free, the mother of us all: through all imaginable social transformations, Christ, in the person of His followers, will still be despised and rejected of men.

7. We may look forward, then, to a society in which Christianity will still, be a living force. Many rivals may dispute the ground with it. Its scope and the number of its adherents may be smaller; the life-giving principle at its heart may have to encounter insidious and sharp opposition from many direc-Yet, so far as we can see, it alone will have the power to furnish the secret strength, without which the very civilization that discards it could As of old, so for ever, never survive. its dying may be the life of the world.

If, in conclusion, we question what forms of historic Christianity seem best fitted to survive these deep changes and to commend themselves in the new society, the answer, if surprising, is clear. Catholicism and socialism are . to-day violently opposed. happened before now in history that dearest foes in seeming have been dearest friends in truth. Catholicism, as the more social form of Christianity, is much more likely than Protestantism to adapt itself to the socialist state: for it will be more analogous to the instincts and methods which this state

will foster. Catholicism subordinates yet deepens the individual life; Protestantism exalts it without probing. The discipline of the secular state will find its religious counterpart in the Catholic system: citizens trained on the lines of the Commonwealth should make excellent sons of the Church. Again, in its frank acceptance of evolutionary prin-. ciples the social democracy may find a correlative in Catholicism. It may seem humorous to speak of that Church which, of all powers in the modern world, clings most resolutely to the past, as a progressive force. Yet nothing can grow that is not rooted; where are the roots of Protestantism, considered, not as an individual attitude, but as a social religion? We may not forget that the great names which flashed the evolutionary idea on the nineteenth century were not two, but three-the principle which Darwin enunciated in natural science and Karl Marx in economics, was proclaimed in the central sphere of religion, and at an earlier date, by John Henry Newman. There are deeper points of contact still. For certain minds of no superficial order the sacramental system will afford the very interpretation of life for which a perfected democracy must yearn. finally, Matthew Arnold be right in saying that Catholicism has a firmer hold than Protestantism on the secret of Jesus-on that necessity for sacrifice which we have seen to be central to Christian thought-then, in a civilization where the religion of Christ can alone rightly supply this need, Catholicism should prevail. We can indeed plainly foresee various forms of nominal Christianity, more or less closely affiliated to humanitarian or pantheistic schemes, which will disregard the intellectual travail of the Catholic ages. while yet they award to Christ a leading place in the pantheon of the world's The Hibbert Journal.

heroes. But the more austere Church, which, singing for ever its "O Salutaris Hostia!" steadfastly elevates the Host in benediction above a sinful world, is likely to draw to itself, with few exceptions, those for whom Christianity is not a relative theory, but a revelation of absolute though unfolding truth. True, this Church herself must undergo sweeping and searching modifications before she can fulfil such a function. But do we not already, to-day, see her in the agony of inward transformation? If the nobler forces in which she so abounds can only conquer, it is not difficult to picture the august Church Catholic pursuing a life-giving and sacrificial way within that co-operative society which will bless Christianity at once with a fuller chance to expand and with more powerful foes to fight than ever it has known before.

Thus, all the more on account of the probable prevalence of other religions, Christian doctrine no less than Christian ethics may find freer play and win deeper understanding in the coming days. But a truce to speculation! Out of its mazes we need to hold to one clue only: the assurance that the race of the future, released from the languor and material bondage that weigh our spirits down, may care for Truth with a new intensity, and know more anguish than we in the search for her, more joy in the possession. In the new society as in the old, religious passion will rise out of the very substance of life itself. During this time of transition it is our high privilege to keep the flame from which the new altars shall be kindled. alit from the old and eternal source. For only if the flame can burn more brightly on the altar of the Spirit will it be worth while for human labor to have built the altar better and to have adorned it more beautifully.

Vida D. Soudder.

THE SACRED OAK.

(A Song of Britain.)

T.

Voice of the summer stars that, long ago,
Sang thro' the old oak-forests of our isle,
Enchanted voice, pure as her falling snow,
Dark as her storms, bright as her sunniest smile,
Tallessin, voice of Britain, the fierce flow
Of fourteen hundred years has whelmed not thee!
Still art thou singing, lavrock of her morn,
Singing to heaven in that first golden glow,
Singing above her mountains and her sea!
Not older yet are grown
Thy four winds in their moan
For Urien. Still thy charlock blooms in the billowing corn.

II.

Thy dew is bright upon this beechen spray!
Spring wakes thy harp! I hear—I see—again,
Thy wild steeds foaming thro' the crimson fray
The raven on the white breast of thy slain,
The tumult of thy charlots, far away,
The weeping in the glens, the lustrous hair
Dishevelled o'er the stricken eagle's fall,
And in thy Druid groves, at fall of day
One gift that Britain gave her valorous there,
One gift of lordlier pride
Than aught—save to have died—
One spray of the sacred oak, they coveted most of all.

III.

I watch thy nested brambles growing green:
O strange, across that misty waste of years,
To glimpse the shadowy thrush that thou hast seen,
To touch, across the ages, touch with tears
The ferns that hide thee with their fairy screen,
Or only hear them rustling in the dawn;
And—as a dreamer waking—in thy words,
For all the golden clouds that drowse between,
To feel the veil of centuries with-drawn,
To feel thy sun re-risen
Unbuild our shadowy prison
And hear on thy fresh boughs the carol of waking birds.

IV.

O, happy voice, born in that far, clear time,
Over thy single harp thy simple strain
Attuned all life for Britain to the chime
Of viking oars and the sea's dark refrain,
And thine own beating heart, and the sublime
Measure to which the moons and stars revolve
Untroubled by the storms that, year by year,

In ever-swelling symphonies still climb

To embrace our growing world and to resolve

Discords unknown to thee,

In the infinite harmony

Which still transcends our strife and leaves us darkling here.

V.

For, now, one sings of heaven and one of hell,
One soars with hope, one plunges to despair!
This, trembling, doubts if aught be ill or well;
And that cries "fair is foul and foul is fair;"
And this cries "forward, though I cannot tell
Whither, and all too surely all things die;"
And that sighs "rest, then, sleep and take thine ease,"
One sings his country, and one rings its knell,
One hymns mankind, one dwarfs them with the sky!
O. Britain, let thy soul
Once more command the whole,
Awake, command thy waves o' the world-wide harmony.

VI.

For hark! One sings The gods, the gods are dead!

Man triumphs! And hark—Blind Space his funeral urn!
And hark, one whispers with reverted head
To the old dead gods—Bring back our heaven, return!
And hark, one moans—The ancient order is fled,
We are children of blind chance and vacant dreams!
Heed not mine utterance—that was chance-born too!
And hark, the answer of Science—All they said,
Your fathers, in that old time, lit by gleams
Of what their hearts could feel,
The rolling years reveal
As fragments of one law, one covenant, simply true.

VII.

I find, she cries, in all this march of time
And space, no pulf, no break, nothing that mars
Its unity. I watch the primal slime.

Lift Athens like a flower to greet the stars!
I flash my messages from clime to clime,
I link the increasing world from depth to height!

Not yet ye see the wonder that draws nigh,
When at some sudden contact, some sublime
Touch, as of memory, all this boundless night
Wherein ye grope entombed
Shall, by that touch illumed,
Like one electric City shine from sky to sky.

VIII.

No longer then the memories that ye hold
Dark in your brain shall slumber. Ye shall see
That City whose gates are more than pearl or gold
And all its towers firm as Eternity.
The stones of the earth have cried to it from of old!
Why will ye turn from Him who reigns above
Because your highest words fall short? Kneel—call

On Him whose Name—I AM—doth still enfold

Past, present, future, memory, hope and love!

No seed falls fruitless there!

Beyond your Father's care—

The old covenant still holds fast—no bird, no leaf can fall!

IX

O Time, thou mask of the ever-living Soul,
Thou veil to shield us from that blinding Face,
Thou'rt wearing thin! We are nearer to the goal
When man no more shall need thy saving grace,
But all the folded years like one great scroll
Shall be unrolled in the omnipresent Now,
And He that saith I AM unseal the tomb:
Nearer His thunders and His trumpets roll,
I catch the gleam that lit thy lifted brow,
O singer whose wild eyes
Possess these April skies,
I touch—I clasp thy hands thro' all the clouds of doom.

X

Teach thou our living choirs amid the sound
Of their tempestuous chords once more to hear
That harmony wherewith the whole is crowned,
The singing heavens that sphere by choral sphere
Break open, height o'er height, to the utmost bound
Of passionate thought! O, as this glorious land,
This sacred country shining on the sea
Grows mightier, let not her clear voice be drowned
In the fierce waves of faction. Let her stand
A beacon to the blind,
A signal to mankind!
A witness to the heavens' profoundest unity.

XI.

Her altars are forgotten and her creeds
Dust, and her soul foregoes the lesser Cross!
O, point her to the greater! Her heart bleeds
Still, where men simply feel some vague deep loss;
Their hands grope earthward, knowing not what she needs!
We would not call her back in this great hour!
Nay, upward, onward, to the heights untrod
Signal us, living voices, by those deeds
Of all her deathless heroes, by the Power
That still, still walks her waves,
Still chastens her, still saves,
Signal us, not to the dead, but to the living God.

XII.

Signal us with that watchword of the deep,
The watchword that her boldest seamen gave
The winds of the unknown ocean-sea to keep,
When round their oaken walls the midnight wave
Heaved and subsided in gigantic sleep,
And they plunged Westward with her flag unfurled!
Hark, o'er their cloudy sails and glimmering spars,

The watch cries, as they proudly onward sweep,—

Before the world . . . All's well! . . . Before the world . . .

From mast to calling mast

The counter-cry goes past—

Before the world was God!—it rings against the stars.

XIII.

Signal us o'er the little heavens of gold
With that heroic signal Nelson knew
When, thro' the thunder and flame that round him rolled
He pointed to the dream that still held true!
Cry o'er the warring nations, cry as of old
A little child shall lead them! they shall be
One people under the shadow of God's wing!
There shall be no more weeping! Let it be told
That Britain set one foot upon the sea,
One foot on the earth! Her eyes
Burned thro' the conquered skies,
And, as the angel of God, she bade the whole world sing.

XIV.

A dream? Nay, have ye heard or have ye known
That the everlasting God who made the ends
Of all creation wearieth? His worlds groan
Together in travail still. Still He descends
From heaven. The increasing worlds are still His throne
And His creative Calvary and His tomb
Through which He sinks, dies, triumphs with each and all,
And ascends, multitudinous and at one
With all the hosts of His evolving doom,
His vast redeeming strife,
His everlasting life,
His love, beyond which not one bird, one leaf can fall.

XV.

And hark, His whispers thro' creation flow,

Lovest thou Me? His nations answer "yea!"

And—Feed my lambs, His voice as long ago

Steals from that highest heaven, how far away!

And yet again saith—Lovest thou Me? and "O

Thou knowest we love Thee," passionately we cry;

But, heeding not our tumult, out of the deep

The great grave whisper, pitful and low,

Breathes—Feed My sheep; and yet once more the sky

Thrills with that deep strange plea,

Lovest thou, lovest thou Me?

And our lips answer "yea;" but our God—Feed My sheep.

XVI.

O sink not yet beneath the exceeding weight
Of splendor, thou still single-hearted voice
Of Britain. Droop not earthward now to freight
Thy soul with fragments of the song, rejoice
In no faint flights of music that create
Low heavens o'er-arched by skies without a star,
Nor sink in the easier gulfs of shallower pain!
LIVING AGE. VOL. XLVII. 2486

Sing thou in the whole majesty of thy fate,

Teach us thro' joy, thro' grief, thro' peace, thro' war,

With single heart and soul

Still, still to seek the goal,

And thro' our perishing heavens, point us to Heaven again.

XVII.

Voice of the summer stars that long ago
Sang thro' the old oak-forests of our isle,
An ocean-music that thou ne'er couldst know
Storms Heaven—O, keep us steadfast all the while;
Not idly swayed by tides that ebb and flow,
But strong to embrace the whole vast symphony
Wherein no note (no bird, no leaf) can fall
Beyond His care, to enfold it all as though
Thy single harp were ours, its unity
In battle like one sword,
And O, its one reward
One spray of the sacred oak, still coveted most of all.
Blackwood's Magazine.

Alfred Noyes,

THE STORY OF HAUKSGARTH FARM.

CHAPTER XIX.

The next day Silver rose early, took his "morning-piece" from the kitchen table, as in the long past years he had been wont to do, and went out with the bread in his hand to the farm work.

He had encountered and spoken with John before this, taking an impression of a huge grotesque figure with bent shoulders and extraordinarily bright This morning he came closer to the man's real personality, and was brought by it to a more perplexing sense of unreality in the midst of reality even than before. For John met him with a respectful hand tugging at his forelock in the manner of an aged charity-school boy, "made bowd" to welcome him back to "his awn," and addressed him almost reverentially as "Mester Whinnery," anxiously explaining that he had done "t' best he cud" during the weeks in which he had labored alone.

"I 'll overlook the wark with thee," said Silver almost curtly.

The next few hours were a blessed time to John. Silver's farming lore

might be rusty, but his training had been first-rate, and the instinct of the farmer was in his blood more deeply than was his instinct for things of the sea. And presently he fell to his old labor steadily. The odors that rose from the ground to which he bent his face, the uses of hoe and spade and rake as his hands handled them, the homely clean smells of barn and loft, the warmth and breath of the cattle, the sight of mild large eyes turned on him in dumb speculation and helpless dependence, moved him indescribably. He was conscious of an immense healthy joy in his work, of the delight of capacity stirring gladly to its ends, of an ease of brain in returning to old accustomed uses. The fact that John kept up a low running accompaniment of murmured Scripture and ejaculations of praise astonished him at first, but presently fell into line with his own feeling; he worked on and on with the singing, praying Methodist in a vast content, until the sun was rising high in the heavens, and he felt the warmth of it cuddling about him. Then John

straightened himself in so far as he was able, and turned a listening ear to the house.

"Yon 'll be mistress calling ye to breakfast, Mester Whinnery," said he.

The name clashed upon Silver's ear with a sudden jar. He threw aside his hoe.

"Sitha, John," said he with a darkening face, "thou 'dst do well to call me Mester Silver. It's the name I'm used to."

"I reckon I 'll call ye what ye 've a mind to be ca'ed," said John.

Silver, sighing suddenly, and with eyes dilated a little, strode away towards the house. It was a dream! It was a dream! All morning he had worked with one half of his brain asleep. If only his name had been really Whinnery, how easy had life been; how willingly he would have entered on his inheritance! But his name was not Whinnery-not Whinnerythough everyone thrust the title on him with a kind of eagerness, as though in a conspiracy to compel its acceptance upon him. He set his mouth and jaw. and between his eyes came a furrow. Then, as he passed to the back door to wash his hands at the pump, he saw Silence awaiting him with her look of gentle welcome and the peace and steadiness of her eyes. The sun was in her hair, and he found a loveliness in her aspect which in the days of their early youth he had not noticed. How simple it had been had she only been his sister, how gladly then would he have taken her in his arms and kissed the cheek that tempted him! As he strode forward, his eyes upon her, he thought these things, experienced this yearning, and when she smiled on him he had nearly bent his face to hers in the natural impulse of the moment. Instead he murmured a brief "Goodmorning," and almost brusquely pushed past her into the house.

He remarked, during the next few

days, that Silence, with the rest, thrust upon him the position which was She dropped back to a secnot his. ondary place in the Farm, doing it simply and with so candid an air of its being a matter of course, that he found it difficult to deal with her attitude. On his part he scrupulously and firmly treated her as mistress of the Farm, giving her detailed accounts of the day's work, of the changes he thought advisable, making propositions for outlay or sales, and consulting her when a visit to Kendal market was in question. She exhibited no surprise, would agree to his suggestions, even at times disagree and make propositions of her own. Her attitude was baffling in the extreme. Insist as he might upon her right to give the final word in all farming matters, she never wavered in holding him to that position his adopted father had intended should be his, but which, with the accompanying condition, he had declined. Had Silence known of the destroyed will? So unconscious did she seem of any knot in his circumstances, that it appeared pure folly and a kind of desecration to in-Yet one evening he pointed a quire. direct question.

"Did fadder larn thee farming, Silence?" he blurted out suddenly.

"Aye, he larnt me a little. I was glad when I knew enoo to help him."

"Didst ta know why I left the farm?" he inquired as he lit his pipe.

And the moment the words were out, colored in a kind of anger at his own complicated and desperate emotions. But Silence saw no complication.

"Mudder thought it wad be a kind o' quarrel," said she, scarcely raising her eyes from her work.

"Aye. But what didst thou think?"
"I came to know in time," said Silence, tranquilly threading a needle,

"thou and he mun hev quarrelled over the Farm."

"How didst ta know?" asked the

young man with a troubled look.
Silence laid her work aside and
gazed, between the candles on the table, at the grandfather clock which
stood behind Silver in the corner. In
this attitude her face lay open to him
as a book.

"Fadder rued he'd quarrelled with thee, Silver," said the girl in a low voice touched by deep feeling; "he wanted thee back. He wanted thee sairly. He felt that he'd wronged thee somehow. Thou knows he was one of few words? One day I see a gurt unhappiness had fallen upon him. heard him sob. 'Twas a sore hearing, Silver. Gurt sobs he gave that tore his breast. And presently I heard him 'Come back,' he call to thee by name. 'The Farm was thine. Only cried. come back. The Farm is thine.' Then he moved and saw me standing in the doorway, and he looked at me solemn like as though to lay it on me-what I think what he had in he had said. mind agen thee went out of it that And if thou'd nobbut have moment. come back sooner, he'd have told thee."

Silver had withdrawn his pipe from his mouth, and his hand hung loosely over the arm of the chair, and his head was bent.

"What had he agen me?" he asked in a low voice.

"Nay. That I cannot say. He never spoke a word beyond. He wad na, as thou knows. He warn't a gurt hand at words. But he meant the Farm for thee, and the Farm is thine."

She took up her work again. The young man gazed at her astounded.

"He left the Farm to thee, Silence."
"Only because thou didst na come back. The Farm's thine; he meant it that way."

She stitched on calmly, settling the stuff she was mending—a torn shirt of his own—carefully over her finger, and stroking down the rebellious edges with her needle. Her manner of resuming her work was so quiet, so convinced and final, that Silver found no word to say, but, laying his pipe aside, sat forward with hands clasped between his knees, staring at the ground. He found that his situation was more desperate than it had seemed before.

CHAPTER XX.

He could not continue to exist in this vague tangle of circumstances—that Silver knew. He must keep open eyes on the path he trod and judge of the tendency of his own life.

As one of pure Norse descent, Silver had not missed the deeper shades of the racial character out of which his own was shaped. Though the joy of living and the joy of work carried him beyond a temptation to melancholy, a sense of the mystery of life would stir him at times with an uncanny finger, an intimation reach him of the homelessness of man within this planet of his habitation. He was no simple peasant; a tinge of the poet, of his doubts and questions, was in his blood. Briefly, this doubling back upon his own life disturbed him strangely; he found it almost scaring to his spiritual sense to be thus confronted, after many years, by precisely that problem from which he had fled, believing that he solved it once and for all by breaking his connection with Hauksgarth.

The net cast about him had been woven imperceptibly and by gentle fingers. He found himself captured by a host of considerations based on affection and duty. Every day created new links in the web; on the other hand, no moment arrived when he could say, "This frees me," or, "I am glad to be gone."

He perceived that in the neighbors' eyes his marriage with Silence was a foregone conclusion, and this allotment of his future to the obvious might have been again a source of irritation had

the sting from it. By degrees he began to weigh the possibilities of the marriage deliberately. Silence's unexacting companionship brought him ease, cast over him the sweet glamour of home after his years of wandering and strenuous adventure. He had had enough of the sea-that boyish longing was appeased. The life-work of a man and peace after daily labor were his present requirements. Moreover, he knew-and this to him had become a point of uneasiness-that she loved him.

On the other hand, it was equally clear that he loved her only as a brother loves a favorite sister. The cravings of his nature, his passion and deep-rooted desire, were given to Nanna, and were hers now as much as they had been when he left the Farm.

By this time an extraordinary change had come upon Silence's appearance. The burden being lifted from her shoulder and the strain from her mind, she had fallen back to the work natural to her, performing it with zeal and ease and a superfluity of joy. The result was a restoration of her girlish beauty; she looked five years younger than her age; her cheeks had rounded again and kept a lovely color, her eyes were ever smiling, and the harmonious tenderness of her nature became sweetly expressed in the smooth and delicate contours of her countenance. In Nanna's absence it was possible to note the beauty of Silence. And Silver recognized it and even grew proud of it.

Moreover, though true to her byname in the matter of the tongue, her short, low-spoken sentences, when they came, had a character of their own, a pithiness, a justness that commended them. Silver was often brought to a slow contented smile at one of Silence's unexpected but harmonious replies. Her laugh, too, low with an irresistible rip-

not the girl's unconsciousness taken the sting from it. By degrees he began to weigh the possibilities of the marriage deliberately. Silence's unexacting companionship brought him ease, cast over him the sweet glamour of home after his years of wandering of a gentle pleasure.

It was all this, but it was no more. In the deeper part of his nature he lived apart from Silence and the home; and into this lonely portion of his existence his intenser feelings were poured, his vivid recollections of Nanna, the undiminished passion and ache of his desire. Strange indeed did it seem that her name fell from no one's tongue.

Though day by day he put aside the question haunting his heart, he knew that he must ask it in the end, must learn something of her welfare—knew that he should ask it. Nothing in his own fate could be decided until he knew what Nanna's had been.

It was after the carrying of the hay that the impulse to speak came strongly upon him. He and Silence were standing in the evening at the front door of the house. The smell of the stacks was sweet in the air; the hay-harvest had been splendid, and the sense of full prosperity was abundant and comfortable to both their hearts. Silence was knitting as she was wont; time after time his eyes had crept to her head and observed the quiet content that enfolded her.

"Silence," said he in a voice which he strove in vain to make natural, "thou's niver told me aught of Nanna."

He was struck by the instant change in her appearance, which was as the passing of a blight upon her. She dropped her hands with the work in them, and her eyes filled with trouble.

"Na," said she at last.

"And why?" he asked.

"I know so little one way or anud-

"Where is Nanna?"

"I cannot say. I dunnot know."

"Thou 'rt looking for her back again?"

The crimson flushed her cheek and left it pale again.

"Na," said she.

"Why not?"

"She winnat come."

"Has she been long away?"

"It 'll be nigh six year."

"So long?"

He made a swift reckoning. Within a year from the time he had left, Nanna had ceased to make the Farm her home. For a moment an unreasoning hopeful joy uplifted his heart. So close was she to all his thoughts, that it was easy to connect her actions with something relative to himself; he was ever seeking to do so.

"There wad be a quarrel then? Fadder sent her away?"

"Na!" A ring of indignation was in the denial. "Fadder sought efter her for days."

He drew his breath through his teeth in the thin, shivering manner Silence had noticed before. The sign of his suffering brought a quiver of helpless tears to her eyes, but she drove them back. She was thinking—thinking! Her hands were clenched tightly in the effort her hurrying thoughts made, looking this way, that way, to find a loophole of escape from the moment.

"Silence, tell me?" There was entreaty in his voice and rising agony in his face. "Did she rin awa'?"

The mighty effort with which he tore the question from his breast was obvious to Silence.

"Aye. That's it," said she, in a toneless voice.

Then came a long pause between them. Silence stepped back against the frame-work of the door, and leaned upon it; her breath was struggling with her beating heart; her eyes, moving hither and thither with that pained and hunted look, still sought and sought for the way of escape. Silver noticed none of these things; he was occupied with his own sickening anguish, and with the effort to force one more question from his lips.

"Napna's married, then?"

Upon that followed so long, so ominous a pause, accompanied by so strange a stillness on the part of Silence, that Silver was at last constrained to look her way, and then was startled out of his own engrossment by the aspect of the girl, so white was her cheek, so fixed her look which did not turn his way.

"She is married, Silence?" he cried insistently, in a voice through which a new unendurable pain, a rising scare, vague but horrible, made itself felt.

It was then that she moved slightly towards him; for a moment her eyes closed, then she raised them to look steadily at him while she answered.

"Aye, Nanna's married long sine, Silver," said she.

"Wha did she wed?" he asked sharply.

"That I cannot tell thee, for I dunnot know."

With these words, as one driven beyond endurance, she turned gently away back into the house, and, with a face like death, crept to her own bedroom.

After this the name of Nanna came between them no more. But the sweet peace at the Farm had been broken by the mention of it; of the extent to which a darkening shadow had fallen on the heart of Silence, Silver did not dream. It was to Mrs. Tiffin's ear she carried a measure of her deep inward consternation.

"Jinny," said she, one evening as they scrubbed the milk pans in company, "can it ever be reet to tell a lee?"

"Nay, lass," said Mrs. Tiffin, with a hardy wring-out of the scrubbing cloth, "a lee's a lee, and thou cannot wark good out on't; it's bound to mak mischief."

"Aye. Thou's gettin' the reet on 't," said Silence in the lowest of firm, quiet voices. "But then I cannot help it," she added incomprehensibly.

CHAPTER XXI.

The lie seemed to fade away under the harvest skies.

The work of the Farm went on energetically, prosperously. Silver did not again question Silence, neither did he seek further information from others. A cunning of the nature in self-defence against intolerable pain, a shrinking delicacy of feeling of which he was more conscious, instinctively prohibited any attempt to disturb the veil which hung over these past events.

Standing one late afternoon on Hauks Fell, whither he had gone on some business in connection with the sheep, his eye rested on the beauty of the Bay and on the divine aspect of the hills lying under the light of Looking south towards that Heaven. jutting land which lay along the line of the horizon, round which the dreams and aspirations of his boyhood had followed the "furriners from Morecambe" sailing back in the glow of the setting sun, he reflected how much he had learned of what lay beyond the Point: the wonder and hardship, the beauty of the world, its shame and hideousness, the high mettle of the heart at its work and adventure, the flat of tedium and disappointment. Systole. diastole, went the beat of the worldheart, and man's heart and all life were in response.

But the beauty of the Bay and the hills had lost something of their enchanted light. He had the reason. Hope, love, the heart's high and intimate expectation, had enhanced the colors in the past. Now the magic had passed from them, much of the hope

had faltered and gone out, and love had turned to pain.

He had no sickly injured feeling. How could be suppose that so lovely a girl would wait for the return of a poor sailor? That she was married was right and fit. The thorn which pierced him now was the insistence of the cruel suspicion that in the matter of the bureau she had wantonly betrayed him. giving away the secret where most it concerned their adopted father that she should be dumb. There was even a fretting memory of her having questioned him on the point. But as though an adder had stung him he flung the hateful thought aside. she had parted with the secret it had been thoughtlessly, as he had done.

How clearly he could recall the seductions of that companionship which, on this point, had been fatal to his honor and good sense! The memory still burnt in his blood—the sweet nestling touches, the dazzling beauty of the face near his own. In such an intimate moment of his unconfessed love, when the tongue speaks its word as the mind thinks its thought to itself, had the secret of the bureau slipped from his keeping.

In the past he had never doubted that she loved him. The past had been all soft fire and enchantment; sadness, wonder, and joy had strangely commingled and turned his early life at the Farm into a poem. And for him the poem still existed.

For the rest he thanked God that he had returned in time to avert disaster, and took it as a sign of Heaven's amnesty for his trespass. After this, in common-sense adjustment to his circumstances, he determined to accept the changes he found, without comment or inquiry. Peats, for example, were no longer, it appeared, to be carried to the Hall, while the privilege of gathering fuel in the Arneson Woods was lost.

"T' awd mester gan it up," said John; "we'n not carried peats for Arneson for mony a year, nor gaddered fireeldin noather. I niver larnt the why on 't. We jest left doing it."

Some few weeks after his return he met Harold Arneson riding in the road. The memory of the yachting days and of many another adventure, to which, in admiration of the youth so many years his senior, he had given his assistance, made him pluck at his cap in undiminished friendliness, even as his smiling eye remarked the change in the dull and ageing face. Harold stared at him for an instant, then raised his whip hand to his hat sulkily, obscuring thereby his countenance, and rode on without a word, but with flecks of red upon his pallid cheeks.

"Yon 's a heart-sick face," thought Silver. "I 'd rader leave things as I find 'em. He wants nought of me. I reckon there's been feyting. Fadder was slow to feyt. But when he did it, he did it hard."

It was, therefore, the more to his surprise that some days later a new encounter with the Arnesons befel. was coming from the clover-field across the road towards the white gate of Hauksgarth, when an open carriage and pair went slowly by. Silver recognized the Arneson livery, and stood respectfully as the carriage At the same time, with unpassed. embarrassed but now inexpectant interest, he looked at the occupants. These were Mrs. Arneson, a boy of five years, and a girl of still tenderer age with her nurse. He had never encountered Mrs. Arneson before; when he left Hauksgarth, Harold, though betrothed, had been unmarried. It was therefore the more to his surprise that the lady on perceiving him leaned forward and stopped the carriage. At her beckon, Silver walked forward, but reluctantly.

"I think you must be Mr. Silver

Whinnery," said the lady; "I am Mrs. Arneson,"

Silver pulled off his cap. A confused doubt as to whether he should correct her concerning the name Whinnery or not held him silent. The hesitation appeared in his eyes, and Mrs. Arneson mistook the meaning of it.

"You do not remember me," said she, with a smile not only gracious but even, as Silver remarked, something exaggerated, a little honeyed. "But, you see. I know something of you. I am glad to make your acquaintance, glad to hear of your return. Tell me, Mr. Whinnery, is it true that the dreadful disaster at the Farm is averted?"

Yes: the voice was certainly too eager; and though the lips smiled the eyes did not.

"Ye mean, ma'am, that there 'll be no sale? Na. There's no call for a sale."

"And you will stay on at Hauksgarth, stay on and take care of that good sweet girl, Silence?"

A shadow came over Silver's face and his eye hardened.

"I 'st see Silence through, ma'am," said he coldly.

His glance moving towards the coachman, unconsciously commanded the carriage to proceed. Mrs. Arneson sank back on her seat, and Silver, with his cap lifted, stared across the carriage at nothing in particular. The coachman, forgetting he had received no sign from his mistress, had flicked his horses at Silver's glance, and as the carriage proceeded, Mrs. Arneson bit her under-lip under an angry sense of defeat.

Silver went on to the Farm, but the gloom brought by the incident did not disperse. With a kind of fateful persistency, from every side the old choice was thrust upon him. Well: should he or should he not acquiesce? Marry Silence and take possession of the Farm?

His eye travelled over the comfortable acres. So far, in every hour following his return, he had been engaged in solving the multitude of Silence's perplexities and troubles and throwing his energies into straightening them out. But now that the stress was over, now that the harvest even was almost garnered, he could no longer delay his decision.

Silence's idea that the Farm was his and that he could accept it upon her terms, was of course no more than a piece of heavenly but preposterous But everyone, he could innocence. see, followed the example of the Mistress of Hauksgarth and regarded him as, at least, the prospective master. Probably an awkward situation had been excused in the light of this expectation and because of the exigency of Silence's immediate need. John, whose grotesque features carried the light of an angel's in the joy and satisfaction of serving under so vigorous and capable a direction, had accepted him with an ejaculatory piety whose praise to heaven never ceased to flow. The land itself, blossoming out again to fruitfulness, called him by its responsiveness and flourishing prosperity: the beasts throve under his tending, and loved and welcomed him; the very fowls clucked after him. Above all, the commercial management of the Farm had need of his presence. And in natural choice, his whole nature turned to the work; he was a farmer down to the finger tips and with the whole practical heart of him. And here where he stood was the Farm of his preference and desire.

For Silence herself he had a deep and rooted affection, and in her a limitless trust. She was not scheming to marry him; in child-like but absolute sincerity, she believed the Farm to be his. Could he desert her now? Ah, heartless and cruel act! For Silence loved him. He remembered, as one re-

members some exquisite picture or dream, the wonderful look on her face when her eyes, across Nasshiter's shoulders, first rested upon his, and how her voice had thrilled in the cry of his name. Day by day her capacity for gentle unasking tenderness was revealed; her nature, he perceived, breathed out love unconsciously. Had not Nanna been married, this question of a union between him and Silence could not have arisen. Had not Nanna been married, he would have sought her over the wide world, and with her would have turned his back on Hauksgarth for ever. But Nanna married; the sun of piness for him had set; the most he could hope was a twilight peace in home and wife and children. right had he to throw Silence's love and Hauksgarth aside? In the end the decision was inevitable.

One Sunday afternoon he sought Silence in the kitchen, where he knew that he should find her sitting in her mother's chair reading. John was at a prayer-meeting; Mrs. Tiffin had stepped down to Spor. Silence laid aside her book and welcomed him with a smile; but at the bottom of her smiles he could always discern the unquiet of yearning love. He stepped forward quickly, and something of his intention being carried in his manner, a flush appeared in her cheek and an asking suspense in her eyes. proached the mantel-piece and stood before her; in his preoccupation and nervousness, he stretched his hand absently and-strange piece of inadvertence-began to finger the silhouette of Nanna.

"Silence," said he, precipitately, because the cunning guidance of true passion was wanting, and staring down at the book on her knee and at her hands holding it, "we hev garnered the harvest. Wark's cleared up, and it 'll be plain sailing now. There's money in the bank for thee, and thou needna fear Nasshiter any more. I should be ganging my awn gait."

The surprise and anguish which sprang into the girl's face were utterly dismaying to the kind heart of Silver, who had not dreamed of summoning such a look into the gentle, peaceful countenance.

"Gang thy awn gait, Silver! What canst a mean?" cried she. "The Farm is thine. Thou 'rt for leaving it again?" She leaned forward and looked at him more narrowly. "Tis the sea that's calling thee?"

She sighed it in a heart-sick voice and her head sank to her breast. The silhouette of Nanna fell out of his hand flat on the mantel-shelf, and he was down on his knees and had his arms about her in a moment.

"Eh, Silence lass! There's no call to look so white. The Farm cannot be mine without thou gans it me," he hastily explained.

"The Farm is thine," she whispered steadily, though her lips were pale. "There is na ony giving in the matter. Fadder meant it for thee. If someb'ry mun gang their awn gait it 'll be me."

Silver shook his head with a smile. "I cannot read it that way," said he. "But if thou wilt, thou canst give me the Farm. Wed me Silence and I'll bide." He drew her head down on his shoulder and kissed her forehead and her cheek. "Thou loves me as I think. But thou knows," he whispered in a shaking voice, "it was Nanna that I loved? A mon can't help what way his love 'll gang. But if thou 'It hev me I'll bide at the Farm, and I'll be faithful to thee and a kind husband, There 's none"-his voice Silence. took a certain fervor and energy-"there's pone in the warld that I trust same as I trust thee."

He felt her shiver, and she moved almost brusquely in his arms. He released her and rose to his feet. Her face was not quite as he had thought to find it. In her eyes were a strange light and energy, a looking-beyond, a mournful and almost fierce resolve.

"Aye, aye!" she cried, with trenchant force. "Thou may trusten to me. Aye, I think that."

"And thou loves me?"

He said it almost beseechingly, surprised and a little disturbed at discovering in her something he had not guessed before and could not interpret—a force, a turn of mind, a reserved potentiality of character, unsurmised.

"And thou loves me," he repeated.

Gradually the face melted back from the strange concentrated look to the exquisite tenderness he knew, but enhanced and beautified—as the dim beauty in a church is enhanced and glorified when the rays of the sun break upon but not through the ancient colored windows, pouring their glow into the color itself, but neither penetrating nor scattering it. Her breast rose and fell; she drew in a sigh and softly breathed it out again.

"Aye, but I do love thee, Silver."

It was a poem of tenderness, of a woman's passion, deep, still, unchanging; the voice that spoke it was exquisite and haunting, never to be released from the memory or lost in oblivion.

This was as he would have it; all the music from her soul struck by his hand as thus. It shook the man in him almost to responsive passion. He experienced a blind movement of regret after some fleeting vision of what might have been, after the perfect love and union which, by a trick of fate, he had missed. He stooped to kiss her silently with awe in his heart, and her lips sought his and clung there.

When he raised himself from the kiss, his hand again felt for the silhouette of Nanna on the mantel-shelf. He had a need to match her moment from something of his own.

here?"

thrilling from the kiss.

"Weel, that's done with now. can just burn it and forget."

But Silence gently drew the picture from his hand.

"Why should we burn what both

"I'm thinking it was thee set Nanna thee and me have loved?" said she. And she opened a drawer of the "It was I," said she, her voice bureau and laid the picture inside. Henceforth Silver's portrait stood alone We on the mantel-piece in the place of honor as Master. And before the autumn was out she and he were mar-

Emma Brooke.

(To be continued.)

PASTELS UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

THE STEERAGE ENTERTAINMENT.

They act spectators of the affair acan alert nose on his high window-sill. The first and second class act spectators too. We lean on the railing and look down from our deck, like the gods from a theatre gallery. Below the strong concentrated glare of electric lights is thrown on rows and groups of faces, all their different flesh-tones heightened by sea-wind and sun. It is an East-end audience, set against a background of dun sailcloth and the dark racing waters of a moonless ocean. immigrant sort, sallow and furtiveeyed; English faces florid and featureless, or sharp-chinned and blond, with the colorless blondness of the type. Faces of the East-end aristocracy: slim, clean-collared young men with small moustaches and young women in light blouses, their beautiful hair beautifully dressed after the modernest There is a sprinkling of little girls among them, too: Sunday little girls with fair front locks tied in the of them holds upright under a strong biggest and sky-bluest of poodle-bows.

The steerage deck entertains this Now and again one of the younger evening; or, rather, the third class en- of these dainty, white-frocked little tertains the steerage on its deck. The creatures kicks against the pricks of two horses, the gray and the bay, who that class decorum which prescribes are deck passengers, stir in their boxes. immobility and a reserved demeanor in mixed society. Serious young Papas cording to their different tempera- are sent forth to reclaim their errant ments-the bay, in his retired phleg- offspring, who are maybe dancing primmatic way, just visible; the gray with titive round dances in the hug of undesirable infants. Yes, they are serious the Select, but by no means sad; dignified but affable too. Not so She, the supremely Select, the One who "has been second class before." spectacles beacon in the front row, her precedence is undisputed, an atmosphere of respectful condolence surrounds her, yet she bates not an inch of her haughty gloom. Beyond the leading fact as to the second class I have never got, but I take her to have There are Jewish faces of the been a school-mistress before she led to the altar that superlatively neat, intelligent, energetic, but naturally pale and depressed young man who is conducting the entertainment.

> On the low central platform immediately in front of them-yet separated from them by how tremendous a gulf! -there sprawl on back and stomach three or four sallow unshaven young Russian Jews, singing together very unmelodiously from a book, which one light. Their sordid shirts are torn

wide open at the neck, and as they sing they hand a black bottle about and about, and take in turn long pulls at it, with lifted chin. They have no human respect, these unhappy and un-It does not ocpleasing young men. cur to them that they, their sockless feet and stubbly chins, their black bottle and their vocal inharmonies, are intrusive, out of place just where they are, before this audience, on this platform, where an open piano awaits the advent of a young person in a white frock and a very long pigtail, tied with But presently cera very large bow. tain officers motion them to be off, and they slink away hurriedly, vanish almost like nocturnal animals surprised, divining that even here men in uniform are not to be trifled with.

Then the entertainment begins, despite the obvious reluctance of the piano. And presently there comes into it one of the most beautiful sounds in Nature, yet one not infrequently heard at an East-end or village concert: the sound of a warm, soft young tenor So long as it does not downvoice. right murder music the most foolish composition in the world cannot rob it of its beauty. Its secret is the secret of those three long notes of the nightingale, which, for no reason known either to the singer or the scientist, have thrilled through the nerves of men for uncounted generations, and will continue so to thrill through them until our great democracy has destroyed every faint-scented hawthorn grove and bosky wood where that delicate spirit of young passion and sweet melancholy is used to haunt. But for all the bird's wings, Man is the true migrant, and this voice, which certainly comes from some English countryside. lifts itself undeterred by alien surroundings, pours its nightingale-notes as freely here as under the holly and mistletoe in some village schoolroom. redolent of gas and goloshes. Here

where the great ship's bows, dimly visible, are rising and falling with the heave of illimitable Ocean, where the echoless roof is built of a close tropical darkness against which her lights are launching their long pale shaftswhile through the rigging forward burn, veiled and low on the horizon, the Four Stars of the Southern Cross and the wide coil of the Dragon-the unconquerable voice continues pouring forth all its soft passion, its else unutterable human yearning and sadness, out and away over the dim mysterious sea and up into that echoless roof of the Infinite.

The Infinite has its way completely with the other voices that attack it; they vanish in faint squeaks, all except the comic one, which has its own method of dealing with Space. Meantime we are moving through it with that amazing indifference to the Great Powers in whose lap we so visibly lie, which marks the average civilized human being, until he is confronted with them in their fierce primal energy and indifference to him. This crowd above and below is living almost entirely in the tiny fortuitous world held within the iron walls of the ship, except for that meed of attention some give to the nightly pageant of the sunset sky, the more general interest in the performances of troupes of porpoises or flyingfish, or in the state of the sea as affecting the comfort of the bad sailors among us. Yet could some conscient Being, with eyes undulled by habit, look down upon us, in what strangely different proportions would everything appear! He would be conscious first and mainly of the dark shining ocean, so terrible in its vastness, its titanic strength, its enormous solitude. solitude not less, but perhaps greater, because under its surface it hides a multitudinous Life, alien, silent, going on its secret way as ignorant of Man's existence as though we inhabited an-

A huge and unfamiliar other planet. monster of the deep swimming past at high speed, a strange glare breaking for a few moments on the darkness of the waters, occasionally something new and good to eat-this is all of Man and his works that the deep sea knows, and Man for his part moves about on it with but a trifle more knowledge or consciousness of its mysteries. That imagined Being would see this ship of ours as a small brilliant object, something very like a miniature comet, rushing across the darkness of outer He would conceive of us minute creatures in our little contrivance, as filled with a conscious heroism, as we precipitate ourselves further and further into this immensity with its awful possibilities, leaving behind us all our natural surroundings, even to the familiar stars. And all the while we are peacefully preoccupied with our infinitesimally small concerns. We are carrying on our English Parish Entertainment, and scarcely one of us turns aside to watch through the glare of the electric light, the wild continual play of sheet lightning over a dark bank of cloud which stretches far along the eastern horizon. This is the reflection of a thunderstorm, which must be raging over the deserts and marshy jungles of Senegambia, where countless rivers are now spreading their floodslife-giving, life-destroying. From the upper deck one watches with an æsthetic pleasure the play of its lam-Meantime over hundreds, perbency. haps thousands, of square miles of country every living thing is cowering in terror under it. Black men are huddled prostrate in their clay huts, invoking their fetishes, fierce, untameable creatures are fleeing distracted before it or crouching in such shelter as they can find. It was, I think, lower down on this coast that Mary Kingsley, that great, simple, intrepid woman, was once surprised by such another storm, and had an opportunity-one few of us have courage enough to envy her-for observing the terror it inspires in the least timid of animals. She was scrambling over some rocks in search of shelter, while at one moment the terrific flashes of lightning searched the depths of the forest, revealing every twig and stone within it, and at another she was wrapped in murky darkness. Suddenly she found herself at a distance of one yard from a magnificent leopard, her head being on a level with its body. It lay broadside on to her, its paws stretched out, its head thrown back, its eyes closed against the blinding glare of the sky, its tail lashing the ground, while it expressed rage and terror in low deep growls.

In the general débâcle of wild-beast reputations-have I not lately seen the Bengal tiger described as a timid and harmless animal, goaded to crime by man's oppression?—the African leopard still fairly maintains its character for ferocity. Happily its sense of smell seems less acute than that of most wild animals. Accordingly the leopard was not aware of Mary Kingsley's neighbor-She dived down below the rock and crouched there, listening to the flip-flap of its tail and its low flerce growls. Occasionally she peeped out to see it still stretched in the same attitude of terror. At length in the interval between two peeps and a lull of the storm it disappeared into the darkness, probably to hide itself in some deeper recess of the rocks.

Africa lurks now unseen behind that lambent horizon, but the sinister spirit of her swamps seems to spread broad wings and hover far out over the ocean. A brooding sunless heat has encompassed us since we reached Cape Verde. There we not only felt the breath of Africa but saw her so near that even the most shipbound spirits of our company were aware of her. A two-

peaked hill lifted itself above the sea, and gradually appeared the long, low strip of sandy coast, at the end of which it rises to front the Atlantic Cape Verde reaches out from surge. the desert part of Northern Senegambia, a miniature Sahara of low sand dunes, transformed further south into flats of feverish fertility. A thin growth of palms fringes the Cape along the sea, a straight line diminishing, stumped away into dim distant There is a thin scattered coast. growth of vegetation on the hillside, too -trees of some sort, and doubtless the cactus, lover of barren dusty places where the sun beats. A lighthouse stands up above the sandstone cliff, and there are two or three white houses with red roofs on the hillside behind it. The lighthouse, the scattered houses in their civilized brightness, their intended gaiety, strike a note almost of terror in the solitude of this barren headland, where for all its sandy drought, the fever-mosquito swarms in the rainy season. And Frenchmen are living there. Frenchmen! With an infinity of desert and jungle behind them and an infinity of ocean before! It is an ocean that commonly, no doubt, flashes in the sunshine, yet even then it is an uninhabited waste. When we saw it, it was gloomily purple, dashing in white foam over the dark basaltic reefs that crop up so strangely just outside the sand and sandstone edge of the continent, and sending snowy breakers up the distant basalt cliffs of Our ship was the only moving thing upon it, and one imagined with what eyes those exiles were following her on her course. She was not for them; yet, as she forged steadily on from an old world-centre to a new, she must have caught their flying sighs, have seemed to bring them a momentary glimpse of civilization. One cannot, however, always guess other people's feelings aright. I remember once

passing an island ridge of rock and sand, alone in the wide ocean, on which there was a lighthouse and signalling With sympathetic imaginastation. tion we conceived of its few inhabitants watching from their lonely tower or continually pacing with lifted binoculars the rocky platform from which they were most likely to perceive approaching ships-their only links with the outer world. Not at all. Although it was full daylight and the weather clear, our ship failed to obtain any response to her repeated signals. then these were Englishmen; and probably the other side of the island was the more favorable to Golf.

It is a far cry from that point on the earth-embracing Ocean to this, but to the ship-world all points are the same. Passengers certainly share the view of Clough's rather peculiar "seaman." To them the sea is the sea, the land that spot "far, far behind," where they embarked, and that other point "far, far ahead" where they will disembark. It is so difficult to realize that we are crossing in commonplace luxury, criticizing the dinner and playing deckcroquet, over the wild adventurous wakes of mediæval and Elizabethan mariners. They in their little vessels crept down closer to the coast of that Caliban country, saw all manner of strange beasts come down at evening to the sea to bathe, and were-courageous hearts!-mightily amused to see those roguish fellows the elephants squirting sea-water over the others with their trunks.

But while the far-off lightning has been sending its wireless messages from Africa, the Parish Entertainment has progressed from its Concert to its Dance stage. There are still the rows of gravely gazing faces against the sailcloth and the sea, and the gray horse—so interested a spectator—has put his whole head out of his box. But under the electric flares they are danc-

ing; the young working-man in clean, much-washed blue shirt, the young schoolmasters and the rest in light suits and stiff collars, the young women in airy blouses. They are waltzing, waltzing slowly, reversing, turning again endlessly, in the dreamy elegant East-end waltz. The piano has struck work, but a young man with a pale, blond, impassive mechanic's face, is playing a giant concertina, which I believe they call nowadays an accordion. Sometimes he turns a lack-lustre eye on the dancers, but for the most part he leans forward or backward with drooped lids, caressing his instrument, turning it this way and that with long sallow fingers. So, self-absorbed as a Buddha, but sadder, the musician plays, and gravely, as though performing some religious ceremony, the dancers turn and sway on the narrow deck, under the electric flares. But back in the penumbra under the fo'c'sle-deck The Cornhill Magazine.

things are going more uproarlously. The cooks-French, Italian, and Portuguese-are dancing. Over there in their white caps and dresses they look burlesque, like a party of French circus clowns, and the dance is burlesque, too-a clown dance. They swing round in a wild Lancers figure, they caper clasped in each other's arms, they bandy about from one to the other a solitary man in evening dress. the audience below do not regard them. Grave, as though hypnotized, they listen to the man with the concertina and follow with their eyes the slow spin of the ceremonial dancers. Only the gray horse, who maybe has friends in the fo'c'sle, sometimes turns his long interested nose in that direction.

Meanwhile, dimly visible, the dark bows of the ship still lift and drop monotonously, forging on into the Southern Cross.

Margaret L. Woods.

MELCHIOR DE VOGUE.

In these days, when competent literary work is carried out punctually and monotonously by a large body of more or less professional writers, something more than the technical excellence of what is written is needed to arrest our attention to the man who writes. The author must offer some salient characteristic, some definite mental color or spiritual form, if he is to be disengaged from the mob of gentlemen who sweep carefully and briskly over a wide variety of subjects. There must be a concinnity; the parts of a man's talent, character, history, idiosyncracy must be so fitted together as to present a harmonious and definite effect. In such a concinnity the work and person of the late Vicomte de Vogüé do present themselves. On the crowded literary stage, somebody always made an

appearance when it was he who entered; a blank is manifest now that he so suddenly and untimely quits it for ever. In the few words that follow, written before the leaders of critical opinion in France have had time to sum up his qualities, an effort will be made to say how that dignified and austere figure struck an English contemporary.

There was little in the person of Melchior de Vogüé to attract the idle curiosity of the crowd, and in consequence he was never one of the notabilities of the boulevard. He was independent, austere, rather cold in manner, aloof from the crowd. He offered no affectation for the journalist, no eccentricity for the caricaturist. There was that in his outer presence which transmitted feeling with diffi-

culty. Full of bonté as he was, he could not give an impression of bonhomie. He was timid, reserved and conscious of his moral and intellectual superiority; the unreasoning quality in his fellow-men never ceased to distress and alarm him. He was the head of the younger branch of an ancient family, which had, in times past, scarcely distinguished itself by anything except its pride; "l'orgueil des Vogüés" had always been a proverb. In the eminent writer who has now left us, the family characteristic took the form of a dignified withdrawal from contro-He would not strive nor cry, versy. but his tall, stiff figure, his careful dress, his limpid, penetrating eyes, his hard voice with the odd break in it, all combined to testify to the imperious, dictatorial and self-concentrated nature which good breeding and good taste held in a perpetual outward control. The ideal of Melchior de Vogüé was one of pure, unimpassioned intellectual-His central ambition was to rule by sheer mental predominance. was not indifferent to the passions of the hour, but he determined not to be drawn into their vortex. He was not insensitive to the sorrows of the world, but he was thoroughly determined to stand outside all the coteries which battled about them in the public arena. He meant to help, but it must be by means of a long arm from outside.

This is the external view of the grave and punctilious aristocrat who occupied so large a place in the literary life of his time, and with whom, however, even in Paris, nobody was ever known to take a liberty. The internal view will, doubtless, be presently expressed by numerous and ardent friends. Vogité was a stoic, but beneath his moral austerity there glowed a humanity none the less attractive because it was veiled by reserve. This cold, stiff man, who rarely smiled, who moved upon his appointed way as

though his head were in the clouds, possessed an inward serenity which was founded, not on egotism, but on tenderness of aspiration. His peculiar earnestness and power were intensified by that content,

Surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory
crowned.

The subject of his meditation was the redemption of the spirit of man. found that spirit walking in a dry place, and he pondered long on a mode of leading it back into the oasis of dreams. He was faithful in hope; sad, but never discouraged; it seemed better to do nothing than to do what was hasty or commonplace. At length his patience left him. He found that the soul was being stifled in the French culture of his day, and he undertook its resuscitation. He tore away the cere-clothes of pseudo-scientific dogmatism, and he wrote (in his manifesto of 1885):

A quoi bon vivre, si ce n'est pour s'instruire, c'est-à-dire pour modifier sans relâche sa pensée? Notre âme est le lieu d'une perpetuelle métamorphose: c'est même la plus sûre garantie de sou immortalité. Les deux idées ne sont jamais séparées dans les grands mythes où la sagesse humaine a résumé ses plus hautes intuitions.

This was strange language in the Paris of a quarter of a century ago. although it may seem natural enough to-day. If it is natural to-day it is largely because Melchior de Vogüé condemned the literary pharisaism which denied all modification and all intuition. and that jeered at the unseen and the unobserved. He is worthy of honor and attention because, in a dark hour, he stood out for loyalty, for religion, for hope and consolation. To him is due the reappearance of mystery and illusion in French imaginative literature. Weariness and emptiness had

fallen upon the fields of literature, and it was Vogüé who called down once more upon them the dews of virtue and beauty. He has been called the Chateaubriand of the Third Republic, and the comparison is not without suggestiveness.

Marie Eugène Melchior de Vogüé was born at Nice on the 24th of February, 1848. Long afterwards, when he was admitted to the French Academy, it was whimsically remarked that, without close examination of the facts, no future historian would be able to decide whether he was born under a king or under a republic, in France or in Italy, a member of the nobility or a simple citizen. To these hesitations may be added another:-whether his birthplace was really Nice by the accident of a visit, or the ancestral castle of Gourdan, where all his early life was passed. Gourdan, the home of the cadet branch of the Vogüé family, stands, deep in woods, near the summit of the Coiron, a chain of the Cevennes, in the wildest part of the wildest province of France, the Ardèche. Immediately around it the volcanic basalt takes shapes of grotesque and sinister violence, which filled the imagination of the child with From his mother, a very beautiful Englishwoman who survived until the present year, Melchior obtained his earliest impressions of an exotic language and literature. He has described how, at a very tender age, he fell under the charm of the vast and deserted library at Gourdan, fitted out in the eighteenth century with everything proper for the boredom of a nobleman.

It was to another source, however, as he has told us in one of the rare moments of self-revelation, that he owed the bias of his life. He was taken, as a child, to see the curiosities of his own immediate neighborhood, and these included, in that noble valley of LIVING AGE. VOL. XLVII. 2487

the Rhone, the amphitheatres, aqueducts, triumphal arches and ruined mausoleums of Roman Gaul. It was at Orange, or Nimes, or Cavaillon, that he felt "les premières secousses de l'âme," the earliest sensations of the majesty of the great dead past:

Depuis lors (he continues), les hasards d'une existence errante ont fait relever les visions pareilles sous mes pas, au Colisée, à l'Acropole, dans les ruines d'Ephèse et de Baalbeck, sous les pylônes de Lougsor et sous les coupoles de Samarcande; j'ai admiré partout, mais je n'ai retrouvé nulle part l'ivresse toute neuve, l'éblouissement laissé dans mes yeux par les reliques de Provence, par les blocs romains remblants à midi dans la vapeur d'or, sur le pâle horizon d'oliviers d'où monte la plainte ardente des cigales.

Early he formed the design of becoming a traveller. It may strike us as strange that one who was to be the typically academic writer of his generation seems to have had no more regular education than could be given him, in a brief passage, by the Fathers of Notre Dame at Auteuil. At the age of twenty, Melchior left "son château farouche" in the Ardèche and started wandering in Italy. There the war of He rushed back to 1870 found him. France and, in company with an elder brother who was already commencing soldier at St. Cyr, volunteered for the front. He fought at Rethel, he was slightly wounded at Beaumont; towards the close of the long and tragic day at Sedan his brother was shot dead at his Melchior escaped, to be captured by the Prussians and imprisoned for six months at Magdeburg.

With his release, his practical career began. His cousin, twenty years his senior, the Marquis de Vogüé—himself now a member of the French Academy —proceeded to Constantinople as Ambassador of the Republic, and Melchior, entering the diplomatic career, accompanied him as secretary. This was a

period of awakening intellectual energy, the effects of which were manifest in all the young man's early writings, in the inevitable volume of poems without which no prose writer considers himself equipped (in Meichior de Vogüé's case never, I think, published), in his impressions of Syria, of Palestine, of Egypt, which were enclosed in his charming "Voyages au pays du passé" of 1876. It was at Constantinople that his soul was first roused to a clear perception of the eternal beauty of the past, and he spent, let us not say that he wasted, months and years listening to the waters of the Bosphorus as they broke in star-showers under the secular cypresses.

In the winter of 1872, he visited Ephesus, Rhodes, Byblos, Baalbeck, Jerusalem, everywhere intent upon following, as though it were a strain of fugitive music, the perpetual tradition of the past, everywhere seeking among the ruins of antiquity for the perennial melody of life. His earliest impressions are of a gravity which may almost make us smile, so little have they of the thoughtless buoyancy of youth. But the writer dreaded in himself as much as he detested in others the juvenile arrogance which breaks with byegone dignities. What he would have said to the Nathans and the Marinettis of to-day, the furious charlatans whose instinct before antique beauty is to shatter and defile, it is perhaps best that they should never know. earliest essays of the Syria and Palestine series have the elegant naïveté of unconscious art. They would not have been written but for the accident that a friend, Henri de Pontmartin, who prevented from accompanying Vogüé, begged for a detailed record, and having received it, would give the author no peace until he had persuaded him to send his letters to the Revue des Deux Mondes. In the summer of 1875 Vogüé made a careful examination of

Mount Athos, and the result of this was likewise welcomed by the Revue.

From Cairo, Melchior de Vogüé was promoted to St. Petersburg in 1876. At the first shock the contrast between the South and the North seemed to be too severe, but he speedily regained his balance of spirit, and the problems of Russian history made a passionate appeal to his curiosity. He taught himself the Russian language, in which he presently became a proficient, and he threw himself with vehemence into the study of a people which was just beginning to attract warm sympathy in France, but of whose literature, customs and traditions the French were still almost entirely ignorant. sia Vogüé found much ready help and many suggestions. He buried himself in the vast history of Soloviov, who was still alive, and, unless I am misinformed, he found occasion to attend the lectures of that eminent professor at Moscow. He followed with keen attention the archæographic and ethnographic discoveries of Kostmaroff, with whose enlightened and patriotic liberalism Vogüé was in full conformity. He was led on to study the Russian character as it is revealed by the great imaginative writers of the third quarter of last century, the giants who, at the time of his arrival in St. Petersburg, were, with the exception of Gogol, all still alive and at the height of their power.

It was part of the remarkable talent of Melchior de Vogüé that he was always ready to accept a new view of life. He was keen to appreciate all forms of vital beauty, however foreign they might be to the traditions in which he himself had hitherto been brought up. His spirit was from its birth a wanderer, but it traversed the waste places of the world without a trace of the brand of Cain upon its brow. On the contrary, the shadow of the pale leaf of the olive was always flickering

against it. Vogüé, taking himself, as he did, infinitely au seriéux, very deeply interested in all the modifications of human life, already dreaming of how he might restore serenity and faith to the outworn intellectuality of France, was for a moment daunted by the strangeness of Russia, and then violently, and finally, fell in love with its indulgence and simplicity. In certain admirable recent studies 1 one of the best-equipped of our younger critics has dwelt on the great difficulty presented by "the paradoxical thread which runs through the Russian character." Thirty-five years ago this element of paradox was unrecognized and undefined, even by the Russians them-It puzzled and baffled Vogüé, with his logical Latin instinct, his perfect reasonableness, his austere and authoritative temper of mind, but it rather fascinated than repelled him.

What we have to deal with here, however, is not the genius of Russia in itself, but the effect of that genius on the mind of a Frenchman destined, through his assimilation of certain elements in it, to exercise a great influence on his own people. Whether Vogtié really comprehended Russia or no is a question which I am not competent to answer, and it lies aside from the present discussion. What is interesting at this moment is the fact that a young French writer, resident in St. Petersburg between 1875 and 1882, carefully cultivating a rich, full style which he restrained within the limits of an almost classic purity, employed that style, with all its gravity of reflection and profusion of imagery, on the interpretation of an alien literature which was remarkable for the opposites of all these qualities, for turbulence, redundancy, stubbornness, exaggerated emotion and sensuous extrava-The strange mategance of fancy.

rial on which he worked not merely did not affect his method towards an imitation of itself, but the more intimately he studied it and extracted from it what was sympathetic to his temperament, the more were the eminently un-Russian qualities of Vogüé, his serried thought, the complication of his firm, ornate, rather old-fashioned style, his perfect probity and moderation of sentiment, emphasized in the careful progress of his writings.

It was in the presence of Russia that his own peculiar character became developed, one would affirm, in a peculiarly un-Russian direction. That he was absorbed, in these early diplomatic days, in the social forms and habits of his adopted country, did not prevent him from remaining exquisitely and rigidly French. He traversed the vast empire from north to south; he followed the conquering army of General Annenkoff to Khiva and Samarkand; he even sealed his troth to Russia by marrying the general's sister, Anna Nicolaïevna, who, with their four sons. survives him to-day. In spite of all this, and in spite of the very strong infusion of Russian sentiment into his character, and his strong streak of English blood, Melchior de Vogüé remained intensely French, and the principal result of his study of Russia was that his familiarity with the semi-Oriental order of ideas gave him a weapon to use in his approaching fight in the West against the enemies of spiritual and religious beauty.

Vogilé's regular communication of Russian studies to the Revue des Deux Mondes, with which he was identified until the end of his life, and from the office of which he may be said to have stepped into the French Academy, began in March, 1879, upon the publication of his "De Byzance à Moscou." This rather abstrusely-treated episode in Russian literature of the sixteenth century must have struck Buloz by its

¹ "Landmarks in Russian Literature," by Maurice Baring. (Methuen & Co., 1910.)

intrinsic merits, for it was given the first place in the review. It is noticeable that Vogüé, in describing the singular vision which appeared to the dying Czar Feodor in 1598, adopts the attitude towards the inexplicable, the mysterious, which he was about to make characteristic of all his writing. From this time forwards for more than thirty years we may trace in the pages of the Revue des Deux Mondes, in which most of his books originally made their appearance, the development of Melchior de Vogüé's critical powers, and their gradual progression, through archæology and history, to the analysis of pure literature and philosophical polities.

In 1882 he quitted the diplomatic career, and returned to Paris, to devote himself without reserve to the practice of literature. On the 15th of October of the following year there appeared in the Revue des Deux Mondes the earliest of those studies of the Russian Novel, which, in their collected form, not only did more than anything else to make Melchior de Vogüé famous, but offered him an unanticipated opportunity for exercising a wide and salutary in-It was about this time that he made the acquaintance of, or at least sealed his intimate friendship with, Taine, then at the zenith of his glory, and busily laboring at his colossal enterprise, the "Origines de la France contemporaine." It would not be exact to say that Vogiié became the disciple of Taine, for his own genius was by this time too mature for that, but the probity and profundity of the elder writer made a deep impression of encouragement on the mind of the younger. Vogüé was attracted to Taine by a considerable similarity in their temperaments; the younger man was by birthright what the elder had become under the stress of life, "majestueusement triste." They had a prodigious subject in common. the di-

vagations of the human intelligence, its poverty and its weakness. Each had indulged, in the examination of life and history, an ardent curiosity; each had been easily persuaded of the preponderance of suffering and of the futility of contending with it otherwise than by a severe and patient stoicism. Taine became to Vogüé a sort of living con-At the mere thought of any science. concession to the vulgarity of the crowd, the younger writer blushed beforehand at the silence of the elder. They exchanged impressions with regard to the foreign literatures which each of them loved more than did any other Frenchmen of their day; and Vogüé read the shorter tales of Tourgeniev aloud to Taine when the latter lay on his death-bed (March, 1893). The account of Taine which Vogüé gives in his "Devant le Siècle" has more of human emotion in it than perhaps any other page of his work.

The native-born exile, returning to his fatherland, perceives alterations in thought and feeling more emphatically than those who have never stirred out of the environment of home. Melchior de Vogüé, coming back to Paris in 1882, was astonished to find the men of letters, his friends, comparatively oblivious of the strides which a positive utilitarianism had made during his ab-In the novel, in particular, that is to say, in the branch of literature which appeals most directly and most abundantly to the average emotional reader, the development of what was called "naturalism" had been extraordinary. Encouraged by the extreme favor with which the stories of the Goncourts and his own scientific and mechanical romances had been received by the public, Zola ventured on a policy of exclusion. He dared to close the doors of mercy on any novelist who presumed to admit into his work the least idealism, the least note of pity, the least concession to faith or conjec-

All must be founded on meticu-The imaginative lous observation. writer must be simply an "implacable investigator, eager to take the human machine to pieces in order to see how its mechanism works." This scientific theory Zola expounded in three volumes of criticism, Le Roman Expérimental (1880), Les Romanoiers Naturalistes (1881), and Mes Haines (1882). He bore down all opposition by his vehement sincerity, and he was much aided by the fact that for some years past all the cleverest young writers had been tending in the same direction, while the opposition of science to religion had been rapidly gaining ground in France. These were the years when the name of God was being erased from the school-books of the Republican children, and when ardent provincial mayors were re-naming Rue de Notre Dame de Bon-Secours, Rue de Paul Bert, or Passage de l'Adoration des Mages, Avenue de la Gare. These were the years when no valid resistance to the presumptuous and exclusive domination of logic seemed forthcoming in all the realms of French intelligence.

Vogüé, examining what had been published of late by the principal imaginative writers of France, protested that the soul had been forgotten. Zola was crying out, in his harsh and sincere voice, that the novelist must teach nothing but the bitter knowledge of life, the proud and unflinching lesson of reality. All pictures of society were to be painted without prejudice or sympathy, without comment, without effusion, in close agreement with what Edmond de Goncourt, in a famous phrase, called "le document humain, pris sur le vrai, sur le vif, sur le saignant." There was a great deal to be said in favor of this cult of naturalism, which, reasonably followed, was doing wonders in clearing away the humbug, the dead flowers and last night's rouge, from an outworn romanticism. There could never

be a return to the old romantic egoism, to a series of pseudo-biographies of a generation of Renés and Obermanns. The supreme value of reality and the absolute necessity of observation were admitted beyond all denial. But in the course of his Russian studies Vogüé had discovered a school of realists who were no less serious and thorough than Zola, but who admitted far more spiritual unction into their attitude to life. In Dostolevsky and Tolstoy he found great masters of fiction who appreciated the value of scientific truth, but who were not content to move a step in the pursuit of it without being attended by pity and hope.

In 1883 Melchior de Vogüé began to print his series of studies of the Russian novel in the pages of the Revue. He treated Gogol, Turgeniev, Dostoievsky and Tolstoy; he traced the origins of the tree of which they were the consummate fruitage; he showed how Pushkin, an enchanting poet, had made the ground ready for these glants in The subject was not absolutely prose. new, of course, to French readers; it had been treated learnedly and amply by such excellent authorities as Leroy-Beaulieu and Rambaud. Some of the novelists themselves were already in the hands of Parisians, Gogol and the now semi-Parisian Turgeniev in partic-But the two greatest of all were practically unknown, and it was while Vogüé's successive monographs were appearing in the Revue des Deux Mondes, that Dostolevsky and Tolstoy were for the first time competently rendered in French, and in this language circulated through the instructed world. over France there was running at that time an increasingly sympathetic curiosity concerning Russian thought and Russian manners. The articles of Vogüé gratified this thirst for knowledge, but it was not until they were reprinted in a volume that their full significance was appreciated.

It was by "Le Roman Russe," which appeared in the summer of 1886, that Melchior de Vogüé first became widely known, and the "Avant-Propos" with which that volume was launched on the waters of controversy is of all his writings the one which has exercised the most lasting influence. This critical preface to a contribution to criticism has the extraordinary value of a manifesto, put forth with equal passion and adroitness at the precise moment when the reading world was ready to accept it. Every circumstance connected with its publication was happy. The articles on Russian literature, spread over three years, had greatly increased the prestige of the writer; their success had led to the introduction to French readers of the principal Russian works described; those works had been read, were now being more eagerly than ever read, still with some bewilderment at their strangeness; meanwhile the naturalistic theory of fiction, pushed to extremities by Zola and his disciples, had begun to pall upon their admirers. France was ready for a new voice, a fresh wind of the spirit; everyone was prepared to welcome a man daring enough to proclaim that we had had enough of these dry bundles of observations, this mechanical pursuit of purposeless phenomena: "Our living and mysterious flower, the genius of France, cannot be plucked by botanists who merely catalogue dead species in their hortus siccus."

The remarkable effect caused by the publication of "Le Roman Russe"—perhaps the most epoch-making single volume of criticism issued in France during our time—was due to the unusual literary conditions acted on by the daring and the sagacity of a wise and fearless writer. The Naturalists had pushed too far their formula that we can know nothing but what we can see, and that the inexplicable is the non-existent. From the dry positivism

of this law there seemed to be no appeal until Vogüé, who had studied the Russians so closely, claimed to have learned from them, if he had learned nothing else, that there could be no more barren error than to limit our affirmations by our exact and measured experiences. He considered the theory of mankind as the Goncourts and Zola conceived it, and he was courageous enough to declare it hopelessly incomplete. Beyond it, stretching away in infinite chequer of radiance and shadow, he pointed to the domains of dreamland, untracked, unsuspected, by the authors of "Chérie" and "La Terre."

The original object of Vogüé in writing his studies of the Russian novelists had been to draw the two countries closer together by the interpenetration of the things of the spirit. worked in certain definite zones of thought, whence he had chosen typical individuals; he practically confined himself to the four greatest masters of fic-He treated each of these in the best biographical temper, the man illustrating the work, and both seen in relation to society. In the course of this inquiry certain features of Russian imagination had strongly impressed themselves upon him. Mr. Maurice Baring has recently defined for us the elements of the realism of the Russians, "their closeness to Nature, their gift of seeing things as they are, and of expressing those things in terms of the utmost simplicity." He proceeds to say that this is "the natural expression of the Russian temperament and the Russian character." This realism Vogüé compared with the formal and mechanical realism of the French Naturalists, and it opened his eyes to the fallacies of the latter. He saw that the aptitudes of Tolstoy and Dostolevsky included a moral inspiration which alone could excuse the harshness of the realistic method.

It had become the principle of literature in Paris about 1885 to ignore the mystery which exists about us, to repudiate the tiny parcel of divinity which every human being contains. Vogüé's answer to Zola's challenge was that we must, indeed, affirm nothing dogmatically with regard to the unknown world, but that we should so far let ourselves go as to be for ever trembling on the brink of it. Realism, he pointed out, became odious at the moment when the development of its dogma insisted on the exclusion from its work of the element of charity. Literature, instead of acting as a stonyhearted contemplator of wretchedness, should make suffering supportable by an endless flow of pity. Vogtié spoke out, loud and bold, against the men of letters who denied that literature should, in any case, have a moral purpose, and who covered with scorn the novelist that endeavored to console and fortify humanity. Which of you, he said in effect, will dare to contemn Dostoievsky, under whose gigantic shadow you all shrink to a puny stature? When Edmond de Goncourt soul to the point of mysticism. talked about the immutable laws of beauty which demanded the experimental treatment. Vogüé replied that the eminent connoisseur was confusing a material thing, the technical beauty of execution, with a divine and spiritual grace. The great word came out at last, and the critic burned his ships-"the religious sentiment is, after all, indispensable."

When this had been said, there could be no length of daring to which the critic would not be expected to attain. He ventured to speak with severity of the high priest of Naturalism, of the mighty Stendhal himself. He did not scruple to accuse "La Chartreuse de Parme" of abominable dryness, nor to stigmatize "Rouge et Noir" as disastrous and hateful. What he disliked in these illustrious romances, and in

the less weighty examples of their posthumous children, was the coldness and emptiness of their attitude to life. On the other hand, in some English novelists, and in particular in George Eliot, he found exactly what he wanted-realism, but realism expanded by tenderness. Vogiié's tribute to "Adam Bede" is the most beautiful which George Eliot ever received: "Une larme tombe sur le livre; pourquoi je défie le plus subtil de dire; c'est que c'est beau comme si Dieu parlait, voilà tout." Such is the temper of "Le Roman Russe." Melchior de Vogüé's attitude to religion in this manifesto, and throughout the remainder of his works, was somewhat difficult to define, for he never defined it himself. He said that life only begins where we cease to understand it, and he strongly reproved the positive arrogance which denies the existence of the unseen and the unconfirmed. He was stout in defence of the essential value of faith, and he objected to an excessive dependence on what is concrete and logical. Yet he never pushed his tenderness of

The manifesto in 1886 had a remark-From all sides supporters able effect. came forward, souls who had wandered in darkness under the night of Naturalism. Vogüé found himself persecuted by would-be disciples, worried to lead down into the hurly-burly a self-styled body of "Neo-Christians." This was the absurd aspect of his influence; what alone he himself valued was the part he had been enabled to take in the revival of idealistic literature in France. He told his too ardent imitators, when they came to him for a creed: "You must choose your own mystery-the great thing is to have one." He probably hoped to see a definite reaction presently set in, not merely in literature, but in politics and manners, a return to classicism pure and simple, the undiluted ancien régime; but

form and comprehensive for that.

During the quarter of a century which has succeeded his famous "Avant-Propos" the Vicomte de Vogüé has lived a strenuous and uneventful In 1889 he was admitted into the French Academy; from 1893 to 1898 he sat in the Palais Bourbon as member for Annonay, the largest town, though not the capital, of his own department of the Ardèche. He travelled much; he made stately appearances in society; otherwise his whole career was concentrated in literature. He was a poor and proud aristocrat who made the writing of articles his profession. None of his books repeated the sensational success of "Le Roman Russe," but for all of them there was a loyal and respectful audience. In the midst of the frenzied entente of 1893 he published "Cœurs Russes," in which were the tales of Uncle Fedia, the colporteur, who gave his innocent life to save Akoulina; of Vassili Ivanovitch, the tyrant landlord who came to life again while the serfs were dancing round his death-bed; of Joseph Olénine and his magical robe of fur. He wrote novels. of which the best is "Jean d'Agrève,"

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the democracy has grown too multi- which has had passionate admirers, and which describes the life of a modern Tristram and Iseult in an elysian island somewhere off Hyères. marvellously written, but too lyrical to be quite successful as a novel; it is like what "Epipsychidion" might have been if Shelley had written it in prose. One is surprised, on looking back, to see how many volumes the punctual and solid articles in the Revue des Deux Mondes contrived to fill as the years went uniformly by.

> The Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé was a very brilliant writer, but he was even He will more remarkable as a man. be remembered because, when weariness had fallen upon the world of letters, he discovered an oasis with a magical fountain in it. He tasted very sparsely of that well of waters him-He was austere, superficially dry, painfully haunted by the instability of things, chilled by the precarious and fragile tenor of all earthly hopes. But he was an idealist of the purest temper, and his loyalty, clairvoyance and a certain majesty of mind were infinitely precious qualities in an age so chaotic as that in which we live.

> > Edmund Gosse.

THE LAST ADVENTURE.

"Shall I talk to you about flying machines?" asked the girl demurely, as she sat down to eat the ice he had brought her.

"If you like." He looked surprised.

"If I like?" Her blue eyes shot him a glance of mockery. "What a reward for my self-effacement! I want to comment on the appropriateness of your carrying ices about, of course, but out of kindness I was prepared to spare "However, if She sighed. you can stand more of the Antarctic---"

"I can't!" he assured her hastily. "I really can't."

"Well, what did you expect?" she de-"Haven't we all come here manded. 'to meet Mr. Conrad Kerr?' "

"Yes, but I didn't know that," he protested, with some heat. "Mrs. Alleyne completely took me in. I thought I was joining a quiet little family party; it's the biggest fraud-

The girl clapped her hands softly. "Hooray!" she cried. "Go on!"

He stared at her.

"Of course we hoped you could roar like a lion." she explained-"a sea-lion,

anyway. But if you can even growl like a Polar bear it will be better than nothing."

He laughed, and his steady gray eyes looked at her with growing interest. "But, I say, what did you come for?" he demanded.

She shook her head. "You can't stand any more—Polish," she reminded him.

"You talk it differently from the others."

"Very well. Don't forget you brought it on yourself. I came because I saw a photograph of you in a magazine, and I wanted to know if you really had the whole Antarctic in your eyes." She gave a little decisive nod. "You have," she announced.

"Oh, I say!" He reddened sensitively.

"Well, you made me tell you," she defended. "And now it's your turn." "What for?"

She laughed at him. "You are a Polar bear," she decided. "I don't know any one else who wouldn't have jumped at it."

"At what?"

"It was a test case," she explained, "my telling you you had the whole Antarctic in your eyes. It was to see whether you'd say I had the whole Mediterranean in mine. If you had, I should have respected your wits, but despised your character. As it is, I believe I rather respect your character—"

"Of course you hate that sort of thing," he asserted loftily.

She stood up, and her eyes were mischievous. "But despise your wits!" she sighed.

He was making notes on the back of an envelope, and she watched him with sombre eyes.

"For Mr. Mounter?" she asked.

He started; he had thought she was reading. "Yes; Mounter wrote to me this morning about provisions, and I was just dotting down a few things. If I were going again, for instance, I should certainly take chocolate instead of cheese. It's quite as sustaining, and——"

"Don't!" she said.

His eyes, that were beginning to take the still, absorbed look she dreaded, came back to her face. "I'm always boring you with details," he apologized.

"Boring? It fascinates me. But oh, Con, I'm jealous!" She laughed ruefully. "Fancy being jealous of a Pole!"

"But I'm not going, Leslie."

"Oh, I know! I know! You're not going—and you want to. I ought never, never to have let you marry me."

"If it comes to that," he said soberly, and crossed the room to her, "I never had any doubts as to which I wanted most—you or the South Pole." He looked at her with perfect confidence, and she put up her hand and drew him down beside her.

"If only I didn't know what I was doing!" she said suddenly.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, you must know! People were divided into two camps over our marriage, Con. One camp said, 'How glorious to be loved so much that he is willing to give up even that for her!' And the other camp said, 'What a tragedy that he should marry a woman who will cripple his life!' Con, I—I belong to both camps. I can see the tragedy, and yet I cripple you."

He was silent a moment. "I do want to go, Leslie," he said then; "it's no use denying that. I want to go because it's in my blood, and I want to go because I'm needed. You see, Mounter himself has only been once, and most of the others not at all, and as I've been three times, there are things I know, and ways in which I could be of use—oh, Leslie, you know it all!"

"Yes, I know it all. But who," she demanded passionately, "told you things? Who was of use to you the first time?"

"You know that too. There had been no one before me for thirty years. Who could help me when all the men of the last expedition were dead?"

"Anyhow," she persisted, "Mr. Mounter won't be any worse off than you were."

"No, but I shall."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you see?" he asked slowly.
"If they go, and if anything happens that my experience could have prevented——"

She gave him a shrinking look, but he did not spare her.

"I shall feel like a murderer," he said quietly.

"Con! Con!" She clung to him.
"Nothing will happen to them. But
if you go, I shall die." Her face was
white and strained; she was trembling
pitifully.

He bent and kissed her. "I know," he said. "And so I am not going. But some day you will see."

"Never! Never!"

"Yes, you will, because you grow. Six months ago you didn't see what you do to-day."

"What's that?"

"That there's a doubt as to whether you're right in asking me to stay."

She flushed, hesitating. "No, that's true," she admitted. "If I had seen that six months ago I shouldn't have dared to marry you." She smiled wistfully. "But, oh, Con, to expect me to go further than that, and let you go! To be three—four—perhaps five years without news——"

"Yes," he assented. "that is the worst part."

"You say that? Yet you only know it by hearsay."

He look surprised. "Shouldn't I be equally without news of you?"

"Oh, but as if it were the same thing! What is likely to happen to me here? But with you there are the daily, horrible risks. Each day you take your life in your hand."

His eyes smiled into hers. "And you? Don't you see that risks are the same, wherever you are? Think of the horrible dangers of a London crossing—a two-penny tube—a lift. London risks are as horrible as Antarctic ones, only they happen to be more familiar. That's a frightful truism, but you would have it!"

"I don't care what it is," she cried.
"I only know I can't let you go. I should be afraid every day, every hour, every minute, and in the end I should die of fear. You know it, or I shouldn't be able to keep you." Fear had shown her his inmost heart.

"Yes," he agreed, "As you feel at present I believe it would kill you."

"I shall always feel it."

There was a pause.

"Out there," he said suddenly, "one can think, you know."

"Think?" she echoed, bewildered.

"There was a day," He nodded. he mused, "the first time I went, that might have been the end. When I realized it I funked. Beastly feeling-funk. There wasn't anything to do but wait; that's what brought it on, I suppose. Anyway, as I sat and waited, all sorts of things came into my head-old waltz tunes, and the way the violets grow at home behind the shrubbery, and the sound of a muffin bell in a London fog. And suddenly I remembered a queer old Frenchman who used to teach us at school, and gas about poetry and literature and things that bored me. But one thing he told us stuck in my head, I suppose because it was different. He told us somebody-Pascal, think-called I death 'the last adventure.' It kind of pulled me together when that came into my head."

She looked at him blankly.

"The last adventure," he repeated. "It makes all but a friend of death, doesn't it? Don't we all crave for adventure, and run after it? Why should we try to run away from what is nothing more terrible, after all, than one adventure more?"

She was silent a moment. "It's that, then," she said at last, "in your eyes." "What?"

"I called it the Antarctic—don't you remember—that first night? What a little fool! As though a sea could leave its mark in a man's eyes!" She drew a sobbing breath. "It's that; being—being playmate and bedfellow of death."

"Dear, I wish I could make you see."
His voice was very gentle. "We're all
of us playmates and bedfellows of
death; you as well as I—in London as
much as at the Poles. It's only that
out there one realizes it."

She shook her head, gazing at him without comprehension. "I can't bear it, Con! If you go, I can't bear it," she said stubbornly.

He took her cold hands in his, and his smile reassured her. "I will never go," he said, "unless you send me."

.

There came a time when each of them searched the daily papers with surreptitious eagerness, and laid them down with sickening disappointment. There should have been news of Mounter's expedition and there was no news.

The section of the Press controlled by the Opposition saw a party weapon to its hand, and used it. The Government, they cried, was to blame. Mounter had begged for Government support, and been refused. It was a disgrace to the nation that he should have been allowed to set out imperfectly equipped, thus doubling the risks of the expedition. If there had been disaster the responsibility was the Government's. And so on. Kerr's name

inevitably suffered a rather inglorious union with that of the Government. How regrettable, deplored the leaderwriters, that Mr. Kerr had been unable to give the expedition the benefit of his unique experience and able leadership: and in place of "regrettable" there were people who read "blameworthy." Leslie realized that she had brought his name to the brink of dishonor, but she made no sign. With all the strength of her will she was prepared to keep him safe, whatever might happen. And something did happen.

At any ordinary time the outcry would have been ignored. But a General election was imminent; the Government was growing nervous. morning there lay on Conrad Kerr's plate a letter with an official seal. It contained a cautious inquiry. he, in the event of the Government deciding to equip an expedition with the double object of finding Mounter and reaching the South Pole, be prepared to lead it? That, stripped of red-tape embellishments and of a request that he would in any case call at Downing Street at 3 p.m. that day, was the let-

Kerr passed it in silence to his wife. She looked up from reading it with agonized eyes.

"No!-no!" she whispered. "Con, you promised me."

He nodded. "Are you sure you understand?" he asked quietly.

"Yes." But her voice faltered.

"You have read between the lines? If I accept, the expedition will go. If I don't the matter will be dropped. With the Government it's a question of prestige. They want a success. They won't risk a flasco by putting an untried man in command. And I'm the only man in England at present who is not untried."

"You promised me," she repeated.

He turned a little in his chair. "Yes, I promised. But, Leslie, I am afraid

for you. are responsible for-

"We are responsible for nothingnothing! They went because they wanted to; you talk as if we had asked them to go."

He was looking beyond her. She wondered fearfully what he saw.

"Twenty-eight lives," he said slowly. "And they are in our hands. It will be murder."

She gave a choking cry. "No!-no! You couldn't save them, Con. It is too late already. Most of the papers say---"

"The papers!"

In his voice was the measureless scorn of the man who does things for the man who says them.

"You-you could only make the twenty-ninth, Con."

He shook his head. "I should be equipped as no man before has been equipped. Government support means that."

He waited for her to make some sign, but none came. Silently he left the room.

At lunch he found her dressed for going out.

"I thought I'd walk part of the way with you, Con," she said carelessly. "It's such a lovely day."

He nodded, sick at heart. The woman he loved could not trust him even to keep his word unless she were by his side.

As they walked she took care that there should be no silences. She made him talk of their new country home, of invitations and visits, of all the thousand threads that bound him to home And when these were her. exhausted she grasped desperately at any passing excuse for making words.

A motor-omnibus rattled by.

all motor-omnibus drivers are?" she asked lightly. "Is it the training, do

When you realize what we you suppose, or the cap? And, oh, Con, what lovely violets! No, don't stop now; we'll get some on the way back." They turned a corner. "What's that place, Con?"

"New insurance offices."

He glanced up at the scaffolding. crane swung slowly in the air. They lost sight of it as they came abreast of the high hoardings.

Suddenly there was a deafening crash and shouts of warning. Something whirled through the air and caught Kerr on the back of the head. It was a brick. At the same instant a greater danger threatened. a few steps ahead, saw it, and gave a sharp cry. But she was too late. With a cracking sound part of the great hoarding burst outwards and crashed to the pavement. For a moment Kerr still stood with a curious smile on his face and a gray line of dust on his coat sleeve where the extreme edge of the hoarding had grazed it. Then he staggered and fell.

Leslie knocked softly at her husband's door.

"May I come in?" she asked of the nurse who opened it.

"Yes; and it's quite time you did. He's been fretting for you all the time you've been away."

She spoke with uncompromising bluntness, seeing no reason to spare a woman who had left her husband to the care of strangers as soon as he recovered consciousness.

Leslie whitened. "He's-not worse?" she faltered. "The doctor said-

"Oh, he's not killed," the nurse broke in curtly. "The blow stunned him, and he's lost a good deal of blood, but he'll be well in two or three weeks."

Leslie nodded.

"But he won't get well any the "Have you noticed how exactly alike quicker," added the nurse drily, "by supposing you're killed."

She held the door open, and Leslie

softly, and they were alone.

"Where "Leslie!" His face lit up. have you been? It seemed so long."

"Dearest, I'm sorry. But it isn't quite an hour."

"Isn't it? They wouldn't tell me where you were, and I thought something had happened to you."

She slid to her knees at his bedside. "They didn't know where I was, Con. And something has happened to me."

He looked at her anxiously. "You're hurt?"

"No, no!" Her voice caught. "Not -not in my body."

He raised himself on one elbow. "Leslie?" he said uncertainly.

"It's all right," she answered reassuringly. "Con, what did you think of just after it happened? Can you remember? You smiled."

"Did I? Yes, I remember what it We'd talked about it, you know." He hesitated an instant. "Before Mounter started," he added.

Her lips quivered. "'Playmates and bedfellows'? Was that what you were thinking, Con? 'You as well as I? In London as much as at the Poles'? Was that it?"

"How did you know?" He nodded. She drew closer to him. "'Whereas I was blind," she said softly, "'now I The Pall Mall Magazine.

slipped past her. The latch clicked see.' But I couldn't see till-till Death had grinned at you from a London hoarding."

"And passed by," he comforted.

"Yes, but it was for a sign, Con." She stirred restlessly. "Oh, you will be quick, won't you?"

"Quick?"

"Getting well."

"Of course I'll be quick, for your sake. You're not to worry."

"No, no! Not for mine!" Her voice sank to a whisper, and her eyes dilated. "For theirs, Con. They are twentyeight, and I am-responsible. don't know how to wait."

"Leslie!" He searched her face eagerly. "What do you mean? Where have you been this last hour?"

With a little smile she stumbled to her feet. Her eyes glowed with the inward light of those who have dreamed dreams and seen visions. He had time to wonder that he had ever thought them beautiful without it.

"Can't you guess?" she whispered.

"I-daren't."

There was a silence—such a silence as would comfort them through the long years.

"I've been to Downing Street," she said at last simply, "to tell them you will go."

V. H. Friedlaender.

THE HEDGE.

off, or fencing in. property, the symbol which demon- a friend in need. strated the notion of moum et tuum to an unsocialistic world. from the very outset have taken on a deeper and a dearer significance.

The primary intention of the hedge that of the stern and selfish barrier. no doubt was to serve as a landmark. For, whatever the original idea, the It denoted division, enclosure, fencing latent meaning of the hedge is shelter Men beheld in it a -as it was in the beginning, is now, tangible expression of the rights of and ever shall be-shelter, refuge, and

In these respects there is nothing But it must shall compare with it; any traveller will tell you that. The tree can offer you A no such welcome; the tree rocks and tender maternal suggestion replaced creaks in the wind, till its branches

crash down above you; it is a perilous harbor when storms arise. It draws the lightning on your head in summer; in winter it is but a barren framework that lets the snow sweep through. The cave may crumble in upon you; the barn is full of rats; all the chilly airs of heaven go whistling round the haystack. But the hedge, compact of interwoven vitalities, built up into solid green through centuries of intricate growth, the hedge is a covert in the tempest, a wall against the snow. It is a rampart from the rain, a shade to ward off the sun, and a pleasant hearthplace ready-made for the wayfarer. The gipsies know the value of They use the same it, none better. word for friend and for hedge: could anything be fitter? It is the dearest The little heap of friend they have. ash which betokens the Romany sojourn is always in the shadow of a hedge.

"To lie in the lew." that is, to leeward of a hedge, is the South Country ideal of peace, of lassitude; and a peculiar stillness inhabits in the lew, such as no other resting-place can give you. The hedge shuts out sound, except its own innumerable tiny noises. The great winds fall back baffled from that concrete quietude; only the minute voices of bees and grasshoppers and field-mice are to hear, and the unruffled For this stillness of melody of birds. the hedge is a living one,-death and decay are undreamed of. It is quick with running and flying creatures, furred and feathered people, to whom its most secret interstices are no mystery; and even as all colors, combined, make white, so the multiplicities of slender sound result in this golden silence of the hedgeside.

Where there is literally no room for hedges—as in Portland, for instance, where the "lawns," or pieces of cultivated land, march seaward side by side in ever-narrowing strips—the result is

so strange as to appear quite abnormal, -belonging to some other order of things. Yet we take our hedge too much for granted; we are not half grateful enough to this unfailing friend. And there is no time of year when the hedge does not stand for beauty. Whether it gives haven to the earliest adventurers of springfoolhardy little flowers that boast themselves under its shadow-or whether the hawthorn boughs make a white splendor in its turrets, it is equally to be desired. And it would go hard to resolve whether the June hedge is more wonderful, roses, roses, all the way, or the October one, ablaze with burnished leaves and smouldering fires of berries.

One man, however, cannot delay his duties "for to admire and for to see." One man regards the field-hedge from a more purely utilitarian point of view than any other. And he is its groom. -the functionary in cordurous commonly known as the hedger and ditcher. He toils remorselessly with his shears along the lovely length of it, and reduces a glory of wild green to an orderly and Puritanical shapeliness. His work in some shires is known as "shripping"; this is a genuine "portmanteau" word constructed out of shearing and clipping; it is also onomatopoetic, and exactly describes the noise made by the shears. In the Norfolk hedges are certain mysterious monoliths known as the dole-stones. men say, grow thirsty at midnight, and go down to the nearest stream to drink. It is not well to meet them going or returning-for anybody. Least of all, one would imagine, would it be safe for the iconoclastic hedger.

If one were asked to name on the spur of the moment the most characteristic feature of the English landscape, there can be little doubt but he would reply—the hedge. It is a peculiarly English institution. Picked up and

dropped blindfold into any corner of the isle, you would know, directly your eyes could see, that it was your own land, by the hedges. In other countries people put up fences, ditches, banks, railings, what-not: but they are by no means the same thing. A hedge implies care in construction, care in preservation, and the careful work of some immemorial ancestor. By what process of planting, of haphazard growth, of natural selection, did the ordinary field-hedge attain its present development? It is intermeshed betwixt tall tree and tree, where possible; and its constituents, allowing for variations of locality, are nearly always identical: hawthorn, buckthorn, maple, sloe, dogwood, spindlewood, cornel, elder, privet, hazel, dog-rose, bramble, and bryony. The drapery of flowers and son, may be omitted, if one may indeed omit a fact so salient.

But this is the aboriginal hedge, so to speak; the massy wall of meadow and wayside. There are others, daintier, yet no less dear. You shall doubtless avow a lavender hedge to be ideal and idyllic above all, until you come upon a sweetbriar one in the glow of a midsummer morning. The prim little, trim little box hedges still nurtured by old-fashioned folk exhale a pleasant The Spectator.

warmth. reminiscent Around Waterer rhododendron nurseries at Knapp Hill is a hedge of red pyrus japonica, and the Devon hedges near villages (but what shall be likened to the Devon hedges?) are all a magnificence of fuchsias. In Kerry the Escallonia rubru builds itself into massive walls of green, sombrely lustrous, eight feet high and six feet wide. And beyond these are those serviceable and orderly trees which, being clipped and fashioned, restrain their exuberance within impregnable thickset leafage,-such, for example, as hornbeam, holly, and But yew demands a chapter to yew. itself. That symmetrical and pensive darkness holds meanings quite out of touch with the hedge of Happy-golucky the vagrant.

And Happy-go-lucky it is who reaps ferns, which alters with soil and sea- the full joy and benefit of the hedge, who acquaints himself with its friendliness through many days and darknesses. One need not be hedge-born to become free of this experience. man sooner or later may see for himself how Aldebaran, the vagabonds' star, glints down through the sultry night across the leafage; or may safely watch the white drops hissing and streaming into the pools as he lies, like the Romany, "under the bor in the bishnu,"-under the hedge in the rain.

FRIGID AND CALCULATED LETTERS.

The main work and worry of a bachelor's life in London is to get his Sundays fixed up. The golden rule is: "Get the Greens to take you out, if possible. Failing them, do the best you can for yourself."

First Series (written on Monday).

Dear Mrs. Green,-I find I have still that most interesting book, Parabola of the Palwolithic Age, which your husband I intend to return so kindly lent me.

it on Sunday next, as I have nothing to do on that day. I will bring it round some time in the morning.

Second Series (written on Wednesday).

Dear Mrs. Green,-I must confess I think it is a pity to consign so valuable a book to the rough usage of the mere post; but, as you insist, here it is. Any damage that it may suffer will not, I

hope, be put down to me nor prevent your lending me another book to help me pass away my unoccupied Sunday.

II.

Dear James,-Are you lunching anywhere on Sunday next? If so, I will lunch with you.

III.

Dear Mrs. Perks,-- I know you are interested in charity, and I want your advice. Suppose I looked in about teatime on Sunday?

Dear Mrs. Jenks,-My laundry having adopted a dull gray tint which, if uncommon, does not suit my old-fashioned tastes, I am wondering if you would undertake the responsibility of recommending me another laundry? Rather than put you to the trouble of writing me a letter, I will just drop in for a. minute or two about six or half-past on Sunday.

Third Series (written on Friday).

Dear Mrs. Perks .- Let me accept with pleasure. It is most kind of you to ask me to make a day of it. I am not High Church, and by no means insist on playing games on Sunday. I make a principle of neither working nor playing on Sunday.

II.

Dear Mrs. Jenks,-I am most annoyed at having to cancel our engagement for Sunday. The truth is that I have a sudden access of work that will keep me hard at it all Sunday. So full are Punch.

my chambers of briefs that there is barely room for me, and the ever-increasing queue of solicitors waiting outside for consultations threatens at every moment to create a breach of the peace. Moreover, on second thoughts I begin to like the gray tint of my linen, if only for its originality.

P.S.-I am not certain how one spells "cue," but I feel that I have made two very good attempts, one of which must be right.

III.

Dear James, Old Man,-Of course I meant it as an invitation. You didn't think I was cadging, did you? Unfortunately, however, it is all off owing to an importunate aunt in the country. But I insist on your coming and taking a little food with me at the club one of these days.

Fourth Series (written on Saturday Morning).

I.

Dear Mrs. Perks,-This is more than annoying, but after all I cannot manage Sunday. In fact, I am on the sick list, having a touch of appendicitis. I ask you not only to forgive me, but to invite me on another Sunday, when I am able to sit up and take a little nourishment?

II.

Dear Mrs. Green,-Thanks very much indeed. A day's golf will be very pleasant. Please don't apologize for the short notice, as by an odd chance I happen to be free all Sunday. don't mind how late I get back.

THE NEW AMERICANISM.

have gained a foothold, and, in a few instances, have invaded the field of prac-

It is a common and just criticism of inant conservatism of the directing American life that many wild proposals forces of the nation has been its most distinctive characteristic. ers, populists, silver-men, single-taxers, tical politics. Yet the steady and dom- Socialists have struggled in vain to disturb the complacency with which the ordinary "good American" has regarded the fundamental institutions of his It was this same inherent conservatism that saved the nation from disruption in the Civil War. It may be said to be rooted in three articles of faith-first, that democracy or government by the people had been attained and secured by the Constitution; secondly, that adequate powers had been obtained for national government by means of this same instrument; and, thirdly, that substantial equality of opportunities afforded every citizen of sense and energy a fair field for personal success and happiness.

Slowly, but certainly, this perfect trust in the prophetic wisdom of "the Fathers" has been undermined in the breasts of sober citizens. The logic of recent facts convinces more and more of them that grave defects exist in their political and social arrangements, requiring large and early remedies. Machine polities, operating through the party system, have porsoned democracy, substituting for the popular will the interests of the millionaire, the boss, the union leader, and the lawyer. New conditions of transport and trade, and the new part the United States is called upon to play in the Society of Nations, disclose the utter inadequacy of the powers of the Central Government, together with the bewilderment and waste attendant on the conflicting legislative and administrative policy of so many sovereign Finally, the palpable inequali-States. ties, not of wealth alone, but of every sort of economic opportunity, resulting from the dominion of great railroads, trusts, financial corporations, and other industrial potentates, have dispelled the notion of America as the land of "the square deal." The pressure of these abuses is mainly responsible for the various brands of wild-cat politics which flourish in America, and are commonly LIVING AGE. VOL. XLVII. 2488 denounced under the indiscriminate titles of Anarchism and Socialism. sensational criticism conveyed in powerful works of fiction, such as "The Pit" and "The Jungle," has helped to drive home the lessons of hard fact taught by the Press and the law courts. The exposure of the profitable illegalities freely practised by great trusts, carrying companies, banks, and insurance corporations, has made a profound impression upon Conservatives. Though both of the older political parties are visibly disturbed by it, it is the Republican reformers who constitute its most important fruit. For the chief beneficiaries of the gravest abuses of the present system are supporters of the Republican Party. Though the leaders of insurrection in that party came mostly from the Middle West, Mr. Roosevelt may be taken as the chief representative of the reform spirit.

What is that spirit? Though Mr. Roosevelt has, by mouth and pen, poured forth an unceasing exposition of the duties of the good American, he has shed little light. For heat, not light, is his mode of energy. Cleansing floods for Augean stables of civic corruption, fines, injunctions, and imprisonment for wealthy malefactors, "big sticks" to keep order in the world, such are his characteristic methods. And many of his countrymen are like him. Something is going wrong: the American system is breeding malefactors. strengthen the police, arrest and punish the wrongdoers, deal out substantial justice with a strong hand. the virtuous makers of large families, punish the land-stealer, the food-poisoner, the bribe-taker, the rate discriminators, and all will then go well. Ethical generalizations, accompanied by strenuous administrations, constitute the necessary medicine, according to the notions of these perturbed optimists.

That radical vices are disclosed in the

accepted American system of thought, and in the institutions framed upon this system, is a truth so unpalatable that it has yet obtained no wide ac-Mr. Roosevelt, a moralist ceptance. and a man of action, not a thinker, has no inkling of it. Yet the reform policy to which he is committed, and, indeed, his entire world-policy, implies it. The first lucid and effective exposition of what may be called "the new Americanism" is contained in a volume, entitled "The Promise of American Life" (Macmillan and Co.), by a writer whose name was unknown to us, Mr. Herbert Croly. In a series of chapters, at once vigorous and precise, the author expounds the nature of the "democracy" which has hitherto ruled the thought and institutions of America. A compromise between the aristocratic federalism of Hamilton and the democratic individualism of Jefferson, it served well enough the simpler purposes of government when most activities were localized within the limits of the township or the State. The liberty of individuals, "equal rights for all and privileges for none," were substantially secured for all "free citizens." necessary thinking had been done by the framer's of the Constitution, and, though some expert interpretation was occasionally wanted, the people need not think, for their "manifest destiny" lay plain before them. Excessive reliance upon individual effort, suspicion of the State as an instrument of civic co-operation, distrust of national responsibility, with a consequent refusal to face the real issues of modern government, constitute what Mr. Croly terms "a sterile and demoralizing Americanism."

This false reliance upon destiny must be displaced by a realization of America's collective purpose, if she is to do her duty by herself and the world in which she lives. His interpretation of the "collective purpose" carries Mr.

Croly a fairly long way in the direction of State and Municipal Socialism. For he is not able to deceive himself by the belief that a strict administration of existing laws, or the bestowal of fresh powers upon the Inter-State Commerce -Commission, will enable the Federal Government to cope with the economic problems which confront the nation. It is possible neither to dissolve nor to "control" the great monopolies which ' accumulate vast stores of wealth, corrupt governments, and loot the public and the private purse. Though the next step is the substitution of Federal for State regulation of all corporations, it is clearly recognized that not only for railroads and "public service" corporations, but for all industries associated with a practical monopoly of some mineral, land, or water rights, the only safety will eventually be found in public ownership. Nor would be shrink from applying the same law to other combinations which had become strong enough to defy competition. But though the growing efficiency of these small elected commissions, which constitute the latest and most hopeful experiment in practical democracy, may enable public services to be worked honestly and economically, past experience favors rather the combination of public ownership with private manage-For in this way individual and social effort will be harmonized.

This measure of Socialism Mr. Croly deems essential to correct the excessive individualism in thought, feeling, and action which has hitherto prevailed in America: an individualism which has, indeed, defeated its own ends. robbing the nation of some of the finest fruits of modern culture. "It is the economic individualism of our existing national system which inflicts the most serious damage on American individuality; and American individual achievement in politics and science and the arts will remain partially impoverished so long

as our fellow-countrymen neglect or refuse systematically to regulate the distribution of wealth in the national interest." Mr. Croly is confident that the public spirit needed for the achievement of this great national purpose will be "The nation gives indiforthcoming. viduality an increased scope and meaning by offering individuals a chance for effective service, such as they could never attain under a system of collective irresponsibility." Not the least interesting feature of Mr. Croly's able advocacy consists in the curious blend of an impassioned moral appeal to the best elements of personal character with a cynical interpretation of international policy. Within the nation good government and progress depend upon the justice, honor, and goodwill of its members; all its ways are ways of righteousness, and its paths are paths of peace. But America's world-policy is to be guided by no such trust in moral forces. It needs the forcible maintenance of the Monroe doctrine The Nation.

and its extension to Pan-Americanism, a big navy, and a fearless participation ' in European and Asiatic policy, a whole-hearted adoption of that "Bismarckism" which he eulogizes in his striking chapter upon German nationalism. Like Mr. Roosevelt, he looks forward to pacific internationalism as ' a distant holy ideal. But in the wicked world around us we must look after our own interests, and not be . scrupulous about the methods we adopt to forward them. There is something startling in the contrast between the gospel of peaceful evolution in domestic policy which Mr. Croly preaches and ' his contempt for "congresses and amicable resolutions" as instruments in wider work of international pacification which can only be accomplished . as the far-off result of long periods of bloody war. We have here set out in able, often brilliant, characters, that political philosophy which is implicit in , the convictions and career of Mr. Roosevelt.

SOME CLEVER BIRDS.

I was on my way to the West of England, and from Waterloo for about a hundred and twenty miles had but one fellow-traveller in the carriage. A man of a fine presence, about sixty; from his keen, alert eyes, hard weathered face, and his dress I took him to be a sportsman. He very soon let me know that he was one, as great an enthusiast as one could meet; and as he was companionable and we talked the whole time, I got to know a good Shooting and fishing deal about him. were his chief pleasures and interest in life: he had followed both from his early years, in and out of England. For the last ten or twelve years he had lived at the Antipodes, where he had an important appointment in one of

the colonies; but somehow the sports he loved best had not the same relish for him in that distant country as at home, and he was accustomed to take frequent and long holidays to have a month on the moors and in the coverts and to go on shooting and fishing excursions to the Continent. Wild-fowling was perhaps the kind of sport he loved best of all, and we soon got on the subject of wild geese.

That bird was much in my mind at the moment, for I was just back from the east coast, where I had been staying with the wild geese, so to speak, at Wells-next-the-Sea, watching them every day in their great gatherings and listening to their multitudinous resounding cries, which affect one like bells, "jangled, out of tune and harsh" it may be, but the sense of wildness and freedom the sound imparts is exceedingly grateful.

Some of his adventures among the geese caused me to remark that, even if I had not long ceased to be a sportsman, I would never again lift a gun against a wild goose; it was so intelligent a bird that it would be like shooting at a human being. He had no such feeling-could not understand it. geese were more intelligent than other species, that only made them the better sporting birds, and the pleasure of circumventing them was so much the There was nothing better to greater. get the taste of shooting half-tame, hand-fed, driven birds out of the mouth than a week or two after wild geese. He had just had a fine time with them on the coast of Norway. This reminded him of something. Yes, the wild goose was about as intelligent a bird as you could find. The friend he had been staying with was the owner of a small group of islands or islets on the coast of Norway; he had bought them a good many years ago purely for sporting purposes, as the geese invariably came there on migration and spent some time on the islands. There was one island where the geese used to congregate every year on arrival in large numbers, and here one autumn some years ago a goose was caught by the leg in a steel trap set for a fox. keeper from a distance saw the whole vast gathering of geese rise up and circle round and round in a cloud, making a tremendous outcry, and going to the spot he found the bird struggling violently in the trap. He took it home to another and larger island close by where his master, my informant's friend, had a farm. From that day the wild geese never settled on that islet, which had been used as a resting-place for very many years. bird he had accidentally caught was an

old gander, and had its leg smashed; but the keeper set to work to repair the injury, and after binding it up he put the bird in an outhouse and event-He then pinually it got quite well. ioned it and put it out with the other birds. A little while before the old gander had been caught the foxes had become so troublesome at the farm that it was found necessary to secure all the birds every night in enclosures and houses made for the purpose, and as the birds preferred to be out the keeper had to go round and spend a good deal of time every evening in collecting and Now before the old driving them in. wild goose had been able to go about many days with the others it was noticed that he was acquiring a kind of mastery over them, and every day as evening approached he began to try to lead, and, failing in that, to drive them to the enclosures and buildings. The keeper, curious to see how far this would go, began to relax his efforts and to go round later and later each evening, and as his efforts slackened the gander's zeal increased, until he was left to do the whole work himself and all the keeper had to do was to go round and shut the doors. This state of things had now continued for some years, and the old wild goose was the acknowledged leader and master of all the birds on the farm.

The story of this wise gander, its readiness in adapting itself to a wholly new way of life and in taking in the situation—the danger by night and need of someone in authority over that heterogeneous crowd of birds who had lost the power of flight, and, from being looked after, had grown careless of their own safety-and, finally, the taking of it all on himself, putting himself in office as it were, may strike us as very strange, but it agrees well enough with the character of the bird as we know it in its domestic condition. It is common to hear of the

masterful old gander at farmhouses, the ruler and sometimes tyrant of the I have myself observed and have heard of many instances of long-lasting and exceedingly bitter feuds between an imperious gander and some other member of the feathered community, a turkey cock or Muscovy duck or peacock who refused to be governed by a goose. But I was specially pleased to have had this story of the bird in Norway from a sportsman and enthusiastic wild-fowler, one of the class who do not like to think too much about the psychology of the creatures it is their pleasure to follow and destroy.

I have also heard of cases of birds of other species taking on themselves the leadership and guardianship of their fellows. One from South America relates to the trumpeter, the strange and delightful Psophia leucoptera, a quaint, beautiful creature, a little ostrich in shape, taller than a fowl, very dark, with white wings, the head and neck glossed with purple and green. A singular bird, too, in its voice and manner, when three or four get together and have a sort of drum and trumpet performance, keeping time to the music with measured steps and bowings and various quaint gestures and mo-Alas! they are delicate birds. and all the beautiful trumpeters we had some time ago in the Zoological Gardens are now dead-to come to life again, let us hope, in their distant home in some Brazilian forest.

About twenty years ago an American naturalist, one Dr. Rusby, was in a part of Bolivia where it was common to keep a pet trumpeter, and he says that the Spanish settlers almost worshipped them on account of their amiable and affectionate domestic habits. Early in the morning the trumpeter would go into a sleeper's room and salute him on rising by dancing about the floor, bowing its head and dropping

its wings and tail, continuing the performance until its presence was noticed and it was spoken to, whereupon it would depart to visit another bedroom, to repeat the ceremony there, then to another, until the whole household had been visited and said "Good morning" to. Afterwards, when all were up, it would attach itself to some one member of the family and follow him or her about most of the day. The trumpeter loved and took an interest in every one of the house, including the stranger within the gates, but was specially devoted to one or two individuals.

It is right to remember that this beautiful disposition of the trumpeter and all its pretty actions have not been acquired through companionship with human beings: they are mere survivals of its own wild life in the forest with its own fellows, and possibly with birds of other species with which it as-At all events, I have heard sociates. of cases in which a tame trumpeter, in a country house in Brazil or Venezuela, where fowls and birds of various kinds were kept and allowed to roam about at will, placing himself in charge of the others, attending them at their feeding-grounds, keeping watch, giving the alarm at the approach of danger, and bringing or hunting them home at roosting time.

If my reader happens not to be of those who regard a bird merely as a creature to be taken and destroyed for man's pleasure or for the decoration of his women, who like a lovely hat to match the lovely spirit within, I trust that he will not think that these be tall stories about a wise gray goose in gray north lands and a benevolent trumpeter in the tropics, for then he will perhaps say that the story I have got to tell in conclusion is taller still.

It is a common fact in natural history that the males of certain species exhibit a good deal of anxiety about the proper care of the eggs, and exercise supervision and authority over the females, compelling them during the period of incubation to return to the nest when they are inclined to stay too long Our swift is a familiar example. But has anyone ever observed an individual of any species, one of a colony, presumably a male, exercising this kind of mastership over a number of females in the absence of their mates? Yet this is exactly what I witnessed on one occasion, and if I were to ask a dozen or fifty naturalists to name the species they would all guess wrong, for the bird in question was the small, delicate, moth-like sand-martin-the "mountain butterfly," as it is prettily named in Spain.

Near Yeovil I found a bree-ling-place of these birds in a vast old sand-pit. It was in May, and no doubt they were incubating. There were about fifty holes in the steepest side of the sandbank, and when I began watching them there were about fourteen or fifteen birds flying round and round within the basin of the pit, hawking after flies, and perhaps prolonging their play-time after their morning feed. By-and-by I noticed one bird acting in a singular manner; I saw him come out of one hole and go quickly into another, then another still, until he had visited several, remaining about five or six seconds in each, or as long as it would take him to run to the end of the burrow and return. Finally, on coming out, he began pursuing one of the birds flying aimlessly about in the pit; the The Saturday Review.

chase increased in speed and violence until the hunted bird took refuge in one of the burrows. He then started chasing another of the birds flying about, and in due time this one was also driven into one of the holes. third chase began, then a fourth, and so on until every bird had been driven into a hole, always after a good deal of rushing about, and he remained alone. After flying up and down a few times he finally flew off, probably to some feeding-ground at a distance from the pit, where he would join the other males of the colony.

I remained for some time on the spot, keeping a close watch on the little black burrows on the orange-colored sand-bank, but not a bird flew or even peeped out; nor did any of the absent birds return to the pit.

Is it a habit of this swallow in the breeding time for one male to remain behind when the others go away to feed, and the females, or some of them, are still off their eggs, just as, in other species, when the company settles down to feed or sleep one keeps awake and on guard? The action of the swallow in putting back the others on their eggs strikes one as a development of some such habit or instinct as that of the swift, and it is possible that in the sandmartin the social habit is in a more advanced state and the communities more close-knit than in most species. But there is a good deal to learn yet about the inner life of birds.

W. H. Hudson.

CHRISTIANITY AND IMAGINATION.

The strengthening effect of the teaching of Christianity upon the mind, as distinguished from the soul and the moral nature, is often overlooked. A generation brought up in ignorance of the New Testament would be likely to give to the psychological moment, or to

suffer a serious mental as well as moral The spread of Christianity durloss. ing the first century and a half of the Christian era is one of the wonders of the world. Whatever weight we may

the Power of the Spirit, we must still admit that the obscure, and for the most part unlearned, men who propagated the Gospel while as yet it was "news" were men of great ability, though the early apologists were very Not only had they poor logicians. courage and faith; they had organizing power and a knowledge of the human heart,-that is, they were men of trained imagination. They must have had sympathy, judgment, and good sense, otherwise the foundation which they laid could not have supported the Their courage astonsuperstructure. ished their generation, who believed that they owed it to the Gospel. Their faith filled their unconverted contemporaries with a sort of contemptuous envy; this also they owed to the teaching of Christ. Is it not probable that their otherwise unaccountable strength of mind had the same origin? Christianity spread, not like the wildfire of a mad emotion which devastates the mind even while it illumines the spirit, but as our Lord said it would spread,like seed upon the wind which springs up to seed itself once more. The optimistic imagination and the sober sense which went to the organization of the early Churches are amazing.

We are continually told nowadays that Christianity as it appears in the Gospels makes little appeal to the intel-The statement is false, though it is true that our Lord did not use argument as a method of teaching. It is true also that St. Paul, who argued at length, considered that the Church owed nothing to learning. Our Lord did not exhort His hearers to a study of the law, nor even to the reading of There is no command the Scriptures. to "search the Scriptures"-the sentence, as the Revisers point out. is not in the imperative, and should be preceded by the pronoun "Ye"-though He blamed the Scribes for trying to keep He took it for granted men ignorant.

that the Jews knew their own literature, and does not seem to have pressed its study upon the Roman centurions with whom He made friends. theless it is evident that Christianity produced from the first men of strong mind; and the intellectual no less than the spiritual effect of Christianity should lead men of all opinions to dread any secularizing of education. Lord made a tremendous demand upon the minds, and in the larger sense of the word upon the imaginations, of His followers. He saw that men cannot put themselves in the place of their neighbors while acquiescing in a state of slothful stupidity. Every genuine effort to carry out the moral law of Christ strengthens the understanding, though it may be unconsciously. There is no more fruitful mental effort than the effort to sympathize. There is a sense in which every citizen of the Kingdom of Heaven must be a man of the world. Really to forgive an enemy is in itself a liberal education.

There are a few sayings ascribed to our Lord in the Gospels which are startling, or indeed terrible, in their severity. Perhaps the most notable of all applies to mental sloth. "From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." The words are often quoted with light-hearted cynicism in a material sense. Such an interpretation is out of keeping with the character of Christ, and it is not borne out by the context. On the other hand, it is difficult to give to the parable of the talents any very direct spiritual application. It evidently refers primarily to the things of the mind. The condemnation of the man who would not make the best of very ordinary abilities is almost pitiless in its completeness. He is to lose everything because he made no effort to develop anything. The master who pronounces his doom is plainly not God. He is not even a very good man.

is merciless as law is merciless. He accepts without demur the criticism that he is "an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed." His only reply to this stricture is that the man who is trying to excuse himself knew he was a hard man, and is the more to blame because he acted as though ignorant of the inevitable. "Thou wicked and slothful servant. thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strawed." In this parable, as in several others, our Lord forces His hearers to face the facts of life, and to submit to them simply because they are Mentally men must be gaining or losing. He says in effect; there is no standing still. He would seem to admit that there is something ruthless in this law of mental toil, but it must be accepted as one of the conditions of our being.

No teacher in the world has ever forced the common people to think as Christ forced them. The Christianity of the Gospels is a religion without ceremonial and without absolute rules. It is, as St. Paul truly said, a law of liberty which makes a man the servant of his conscience. The parables teach plain men to wring philosophy from the events of daily life, to read the signs of the times, to gain mental nourishment from everyday happenings, to be diligent scholars in the great public school The Wisdom books taught in of life. the same spirit. But "behold, a greater than Solomon is here." Above all, Christ exhorted men to leave their own The Spectator.

small orbit, and to see from an opposite point of view.-to force themselves by the exercise of the imagination to be in a state of mind-not only of heartin which they are able to see something to bless in an enemy. Our Lord when He prayed for the Roman soldiers who crucified Him carried out perfectly His own injunction. He judged the Roman by the Roman standard and held him Again, we see in the drainnocent. matic view of life which Christ so constantly encouraged the germ of Chris-Christ's method of instructian art. tion led men to constant observation. It taught them to distinguish the prolific seed of the typical from the barren mass of actuality. It familiarized them with a new world of symbolism in which the blind see. The parables were certainly designed to please as well as to instruct, to suggest a method of delightful mental exercise as well as carry home a moral. How many more parables must have spoken. How many weary journeys on foot did our Lord shorten by such stories? St. John wrote of such a volume of tradition as the world could not contain, and we have only so much as will go, with masses of repetition, into four short pamphlets. Is it not better so. -better for the followers of a Master who insisted that every man should think for himself, and learn to "judge righteous judgment"? Enough remains, at any rate, to lead us to suppose that no man who deliberately refuses to think can be a real Christian. and that no sane Christian can be entirely stupid.

TO THE SOUTH POLE.

BY AN OLD EXPLORER.

The Terra Nova, the ship of the new British Antarctic expedition, sailed from the Thames June 1st on the first

one of the highest places in the records of exploration. From London she will go on to Cardiff for her full supstage of a voyage that is likely to take ply of coal, and thence will steam to

When the autumn is New Zealand. some way advanced she will say goodbye to the people there, who perhaps for the reason of their closer proximity to the Antarctic, and possibly also for their simpler life and more adventurous tendencies, feel these South Polar expeditions to be matters of greater and more personal concern to them than do many in the northern hemisphere. This will be the ship's farewell to inhabited land; from New Zealand she will take her lonely way towards the regions of the unknown and mystery. Next April there will be news sent back of the landing of the explorers, and after another full year's silence there may be perhaps the news of a great achievement. If what has by that time been accomplished is not the highest possible, there will be another year's silence, and then the Terra Nova with her commander and people will return and tell us what they have done. That, in briefest summary, is the plan of the expedition which is led by Captain Robert Falcon Scott, R.N., who. it may be mentioned, will stay behind for a few days after the ship has sailed from London, to give the last touches to the great work of organization, and wili join her in New Zealand.

The English-speaking people have had something of a surfeit of tales of Polar explorations in recent times, and that fact, combined with the sad circumstances of the last few weeks, has rather overshadowed this enterprise. But enthusiasm in it should be revived now, for with no exaggeration it may be said that no expedition so well equipped on the man and material sides, or fuller of promise for great results, has ever departed from British Captain Scott himself is the ideal type of leader, the one that the country will most rejoice in as its rep-He is an officer of the resentative. Royal Navy, and is imbued precisely with the spirit of the great exploring

commanders of the past. His first thought is to take the British flag to places where no flag has ever been before; his second is to make his voyage of substantial scientific and commercial good to the civilized races in general; and his last, far removed, but not so far from him to be insensible to matters of personal pride, is to gain a unique and lasting distinction for himself and those who are associated with him. Apart from his fine qualities of character and temperament, his recommendations for leadership in this affair are most exceptional. He was really the pioneer of South Polar exploration in the modern era by virtue of the most successful expedition in which he engaged on the Discovery from 1901 to when "farthest south" 1904, reached. That expedition was in many ways magnificently equipped, entirely regardless of expense. In this respect indeed it was more thorough than any other had ever been.

But experience teaches in the matter of Polar explorations as in others, and this new expedition, at less than half the cost of the other one, is far better fitted for its purpose. Its total cost will not be much over £40,000, but that is less than the mere carcase of the Discovery with her engines cost, and considerably less than half of the money that was spent on that historic voyage from the beginning to the end of it. Two relief ships were employed on that occasion; this time the commander has the courage and the confldence to dispense with any arrangement for relief. The Terra Nova has cost him not much more than £12,000, but he regards her as the ideal ship for his purpose, much better than the Discovery, which by a curious coincidence is now lying in the South-West India dock not much more than a cable's length from her successor, being engaged in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. In building the Discovery

circumstances of ignorance as to what was before her--of perfection, and particularly of strength. She was perhaps a trifle too much of the fancy ship, and her abnormal strength made her rather clumsy. The Terra Nova was built as a whaler, and she is a queen among whaling ships. When it was felt that Captain Scott's first expedition was in danger she was selected to go out to his relief, and when he saw her he marked her for the future. When that business was ended she went back to her whaling from the shores of Newfoundland, while Captain Scott returned to serve in the Navy. When he aroused himself to this new expedition his first step was to purchase the Terra Nova. She was not a pretty ship when she came into the Thames, but soap and paint have made her as nice as any, and officers and men are proud of her. Her lines are good, her strength is beyond doubt, well tried and proved, and though so much inclined to uneasiness as to need heavy ballasting she is very manageable, while her interior fitments have been made perfect. The Discovery went out as a naval ship, and could fly the naval ensign. This highest of social distinctions, as it were, amongst seacraft is not enjoyed by the Terra Nova, but she has been raised up from the common order by being elected with her master to the special and useful privileges of the Royal Yacht Squadron, whose white ensign she will fly.

It is however the men who matter most, if for no other reason than that, after all, this Antarctic exploration is a With officers, men and land affair. scientists the Terra Nova will have some fifty-five souls on board. Captain Scott's second in command will be Lieutenant E. R. G. Evans, who went out to him before in the first relief ship, the Morning; and he has others with him who served him on the previous

errors were made-wise errors in the occasion, while he has been afforded the great advantage of selecting many of his men from the Navy. They are the chosen from many hundreds of volunteers-selected by one with special abilitles of discernment. What enterprise, courage, skill, and knowledge can do they will accomplish. On the not less important side of scientific study and investigation-the more important side indeed, although ranking less in popular interest-the Terra Nova expedition is far superior to any of her predecessors. She embraces a scientific department of ten men, all highly qualified specialists, as against the three or four taken out by other expeditions. Throughout the organization there is the same thoroughness and completeness, and yet the most perfect economy. The ship's stores are far better than those of the Discovery, at much less

> And what for is it all? Well, there is the quest of the Pole, and that, with all our rich British traditions of adventure and discovery, is a great thing; but it is sometimes not enough to satisfy those who affect a high materialism in view and banish even the best sentiment. The full advantages, scientific and commercial, that must undoubtedly accrue from thorough investigation of these unknown regions are without doubt very great, but the subjects are too intricate for explanation within the limits of our space. It must suffice to say that notable among them are those concerned with meteorology and magnetism. One other thing however should be said, and Captain Scott himself has ventured to say it. The popular view is that these Antarctic regions are all snow and ice, are quite uninhabitable, worthless, the waste of the world to be for ever neglected. is wrong. There are large tracts of bare land. There is a great country full of rocks which undoubtedly contain enormous mineral wealth. The

climate is severe; but, as the Com- practicability of which has mander asks, who is to say that it is too severe for human industry? In these days of the exploitation of all the forces of Nature, of the using of the world as no one but Jules Verne had ever dreamt of using it, there is room at all events for thought and speculation.

With regard to the plans of the expedition, it may be added that on arrival at the fringe of the Antarctic continent a main station will be established, as before, at Ross Island, and a party will then be detached and will work independently from a point on King Edward VII. Land, some four hundred miles away. It will be from the main station that Captain Scott himself will push forward towards the Pole and hope to reach it. Little by little the penetrating party will be thinned down, and then the four of those left who are fittest and best will make "the final Sir Ernest Shackleton, following the line taken by Captain Scott previously, reached the point of 88° 23', or, roughly, about a hundred miles from the Pole. Captain Scott will again proceed on the same course, but at the advanced stage may steer a little to the east of Sir Ernest's line. All of course will depend on what is discovered and believed. The prevailing idea is that it is an even way along a high plateau for this last hundred miles to the Pole, and if that should prove to be the case this expedition will be in the best possible position for taking advantage of the circumstances in that it is provided with motor sledges, the The Outlook.

been proved. But in the popular mind the advantage of previous penetrations is much exaggerated. The explorers who have gone before have not left any paved roads behind them, no properly equipped stations-they could not do so. It is no case now of an easy and quick journey to the limit previously reached, and then a pause for a new beginning. When men go deep down into the Antarctic it is like the dive of a fish in a silent pool. The water closes up, and not a trace is left of the passage down or up again. So it is hard labor all the way for the explor-Certainly there are some advantages from previous work, but they are chiefly in the nature of knowing the worst, knowing what is not insuper-Then, what of the prospects? Well, there are no certainties in dealing with the territorial unknown, and beliefs and fancies do not count for very much in making practical estimates. The Polar explorer needs to be subconsciously a fine optimist, and on the surface and in his planning and doing a strict pessimist. So it is exactly with Captain Scott. He is a silent, reserved man, as he should be, but those who know him and his views and intentions may tell you with confidence, as Commander Peary does, that he will "get About the Christmas time of there." next year the British flag may be at the South Pole; if not, then it will probably flutter there above the snow twelve months afterwards. The leader has the best wishes of the British people for his safety and his complete success.

THE PEACEMAKERS AND THE PACEMAKERS.

Society, which attracted a crowded augles of the late King Edward, of Presdience at the Guildhall on Tuesday night, two natural trains of thought Emperor as peacemakers, came from

At the annual meeting of the Peace and sentiment found expression. Euloident Taft, and even of the German

the Bishop of Hereford, Mr. Carnegie, Lord Shaw of Dunfermline, and other speakers. The strain of hopeful optimism had good grounds to rest upon. Taking a long and broad view of the progress of civilization, it may fairly be said that developments of law, commerce, and good government, of religious toleration, of social amelioration, of art and science, of printing and letters, of manufactures, machinery, railways and steam navigation have exerted a pacifying influence on the warlike humors and destructive tendencies of mankind. The disappearance of private war, the suppression of the brigand and the pirate, the protection of life and property over vast areas of the Old and the New World, the improvement of international law in peace and war, the gradual removal of foul and unnecessary barbarities from the conduct of military operations by civilized Powers, and, finally, the rapid spread of arbitration culminating in the foundation of the Hague Court, are all unmistakable landmarks in a steady and now rapidly moving development. But improvement, it should be remembered, depends at least as much upon the spread of moral sentiment and commonsense and the intelligent action of States and individuals as upon the material forces of commerce, industry, or invention. When we join in the praise of great rulers who have done their best to improve relations between Courts and Chancelleries, and to smooth away temporary acerbities and disputes, we should be neglecting a plain duty if we closed our eyes to a grave and increasing danger.

In a dispatch from Washington about a new Navy Year-Book compiled by Mr. Pitman Pulsifer, Great Britain is described as "the naval pacemaker of the world." She is stated to have 498 warships "completed and provided for" of 2,106,873 total displacement, of which 445 with a tonnage of 1,758,350 are com-

pleted and ready for action. Reckoning numbers of built and building the United States and Germany are running on equal terms for second place. But they are both a very long way behind. The United States, when its ships completed and provided for are afloat, will have 179 war vessels of 839,945 tons displacement. will have 233 war vessels with a displacement of 654,334 tons. Of hattleships and armored cruisers, Great Britain will have 108 of 1,581,680 tons, the United States 50, of which the displacement is not given, and Germany 46. The United States Navy claims to rank second to ours in total displacement, but only sixth in number of vessels. France, on the same reckoning, will have 503 ships of 766,903 tons, including 46 battleships and armored cruisers, while Japan will have 191 ships of 493,704 tons, including 30 battleships and armored cruisers. Russia will' come next, if its programme is carried out, and then Italy. All these six Powers, be it observed, are suffering severely in increased taxation for participating in this race of expenditure on armaments. The mischief wrought by the Dreadnought and the Dreadnought craze is incredible, and in the last week the Neue Freie Presse, the leading Austrian newspaper, has issued an appeal, which we trust will be successful, to Signor Luzzatti, the Prime Minister of Italy, for a joint arrangement by which the projected competition in Dreadnoughts between Italy and Austria may be avoided. "Ruinously expensive" is the expression bestowed by Reuter's telegram upon this outbreak of naval competition between the two Southern allies of Germany.

Flattering as it is to the national vanity that King Edward should have been assigned by general recognition first place among the peacemakers of the last few years, we should like to avoid, if we can, the double and most unen-

viable compliment of being the leading pacemaker in armaments as well as the leading peacemaker. Let us see how the matter stands, for it can easily be settled by an appeal to statistics. will take the military and naval expenditure of the three Powers which are charged with forcing the pace in naval armaments during the last 20 years. We must be careful in so doing to avoid years in which armament expenditure "in preparation for peace" is mixed up with actual war expenditure. Shaw of Dunfermline gave some very interesting figures which made it quite clear that with the possible minor exceptions of Japan and Russia, Great Britain, Germany, and the United States have been the leading delinquents. We add France, the Power which now stands fourth in both naval Our first and military expenditure. year shall be 1890; our second 1897, before the Spanish-American and Boer Wars; our third 1906, after the Boer War; and our fourth 1908, or the last year available. To begin with Great Britain:-

GREAT BRITAIN.

Army.		Navy.
£		£
17,560,000		15,553,000
19,330,000		20,850,000
28,501,000		31,472,000
26,859,000		32,181,000
27,435,000		35,142,000
27,760,000		40,603,000
	£ 17,560,000 19,330,000 28,501,000 26,859,000 27,435,000	Army. £ 17,560,000 19,330,000 28,501,000 26,859,000 27,435,000 27,760,000

Since 1890, it will be seen, we have added ten millions to the annual cost of our Army and twenty-five millions to the annual cost of our Navy, of which last increase more than eight millions has occurred during the last In the case of the United States our two years, and is directly respon-Budget.

GERMANY.

Commencing	Army.		Navy.
April 1.	£		£
1890	35,975,000		3,586,000
1897	30,741,000		5,701,000
1906	37,660,000		12,957,000
1908*	42,798,000		17,448,000
*B	udget estin	nate.	

These figures are from the Statistical Abstract. According to our correspondent's message of November 24 last, the total votes asked for the Army for 1910-11 amount to £40,372,000, and those for the Navy to £22,156,000. these figures for comparison with Great Britain we get an increase of about 41/2 millions in the cost of the German Army since 1890 (which is less than half the addition to the cost of our own Army), and an addition of over 181/2 millions to the cost of the Navy in the same period (which is 61/2 millions less than the additions to the British Navy). Of course, on the percentage system, the growth of the German naval estimates is portentous, and can only be compared with that of the United States. Moreover, the new financial burden involved has so far borne much more heavily upon the German than upon the British taxpayer. In fact, the new taxes of Germany are again proving inadequate; although the whole cost of the new construction is paid out of borrowed money, another deficit of 121/2 millions sterling is anticipated on the present year.

UNITED STATES.

Year				
	Ended	l Army.	Navy.	Pensions.
	June :	30. £	£	£
	1890	8,916,000	4,120,000	21,387,000
	1897	9,790,000	6,912,000	28,210,000
	1906	23,589,000	22,094,000	28,207,000
	1908	35,168,000	23,607,000	30,778,000

figures again are taken from the Stasible for the severity of the last tistical Abstract, but in the last two years naval expenditure has gone ahead

rapidly, being £26,438,000 in 1908-9, while the estimates for 1909-10, as voted, were £28,778,000. It would, therefore, appear that whatever may be the claims of ex-President Roosevelt and President Taft as peacemakers, the United States must be accorded first place among the great Powers as pacemaker in military and naval expendi-For in the period under review the cost of its Army seems to have risen by about 24 millions, and that of the Navy by 241/2 millions.

FRANCE.

	Army.	Navy.
Year.	£	£
1890	. 23,209,000	8,055,000
1897	. 27,344,000	10,431,000
1906	. 34,382,000	12,236,000
1907	. 32,878,000	12,628,000

The French figures, as usual, are behindhand, but Lord Shaw gave those for the current year as 13 millions for the Navy and 431/2 millions for the Army. Since 1890, therefore, France would appear to have added 20 millions to the cost of the Army, and 5 millions to the cost of the Navy. Considering The Economist.

that her population has been stationary, it is not surprising that these additions have proved very burdensome to the French taxpayer.

These figures are more eloquent than words. If Europe had accepted the original proposal of the Russian Czar at the first Hague Conference to discuss and seek a remedy for the increasing burden of armaments, and if that proposal had been successful in bringing about, at any rate, an arrest of military and naval expenditure, all the European Powers would now be enjoying overflowing treasuries, . with ample funds both for the reduction of taxation and for the improvement of social and economic conditions. Has not the time come for British statesmen to revive this proposal, and to endeavor to bring about an international agreement? Every Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary who folds his hands and does nothing while the machinery of warfare and the cost of armaments grow at this unheard-of rate is directly responsible for a monstrous and avoidable evil.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Humphrey Robinson's "A Simple Explanation of Modern Banking Customs" is an extremely compact and sensible little handbook, which compresses into the briefest possible space and tells in the simplest possible way the essential principles and practices of modern banking. The little book is the fruit of long practical experience and both bank depositors and the general public will find it useful and illuminating. Small, Maynard & Co.

"The Burden of Isis" which E. P. Dutton & Co. add to "The Wisdom of the East Series" contains the laments

Osiris. These are translated by James Teakle Dennis from papyri found in Luxor, Egypt. They are admirably rendered and they convey a clear idea of the character of a ritual which runs far back into prehistoric times.

"The Duty of Altruism," by Mr. Ray M. McConnell, instructor on social ethics at Harvard University, is an elaborate consideration of the existence of a ground for the obligation to be altruistic, and the author in turn rejects theology, metaphysics, law, logic, psychology, physiology and evolution as furnishing such a ground, and the conof Isis and Nephthys and the chants' clusion is that egotism and altruism do which formed a part of the worship of not rest on rational grounds, but are

the "self that ought to be" developed from "the self that is" and the universally reciprocal resolve to live the largest life is the only road to altruism. Man does not need to be shown the duty of altruism, but how to be altruistic, and the successful society is that in which each member's complete fulfilment of his own nature contributes toward the realization of perfection on the part of all other persons. The chapters entitled "Law and Obligation" and "Logic and Obligation" are especially interesting to certain classes of inquirers, and the chapter on "Theology and Obligation" will probably become the subject of much controversy. The Macmillan Company.

The younger Mr. Roberts, Mr. G. E. Theodore Roberts, so absolutely refuses to settle into a groove, to write two novels of any type that one half suspects him of assuming this attitude in order to prevent the circulating library readers from confusing him with Mr. C. G. D. Roberts who, in the intervals of his historical and poetical labors writes only two species of novels, and stories of animals. Mr. Theodore Roberts's newest book, "A Cavalier of Virginia," is a tale of Virginia in the days when the savages still needed severe punishment at brief intervals and received it at the hands of the young men who went to battle as gayly as they went to the hunt. On the sea, the pirate was as bad as the savage on land, and the Spaniard in one guise or another might attack an honest Englishman affoat or ashore. Accordingly, was never dull and Francis Dourie, Mr. Roberts's hero, slips from adventure to adventure, happily at first but later falling into misfortune whence he emerges only just in time to save his sweetheart from countless horrors. The picturesque villain who makes all the mischief is a familiar friend to

natural characters or qualities, and that readers of American pirate tales half the "self that ought to be" developed from "the self that is" and the universally reciprocal resolve to live the largest life is the only road to altruism. Man does not need to be shown the duty of altruism, but how to be altruised and the successful society is that readers of American pirate tales half a century old, and the heroine is very feminine and very sweet. The general indefiniteness as to dates by no means militates against the reader's pleasure and there is small doubt that Mr. Robdetty of altruism, but how to be altruised the many others. I. C. Page & Co.

"The Little Knight of the X Bar B" suggests by its cover that it is intended for children, for it is a small boy who figures thereon, a boy equipped in correct and costly cowboy finery; but the reader of experience soon discovers that although this young gentleman occupies the centre of the stage, the interest really lies in the discovery of the causes placing and keeping him there. boy reader, the situation will not appear especially remarkable; he himself, if at all romantic, probably has a theory that he is a changeling liable at any moment to be restored to his royal father, or his beggar mother or to whatsoever kindred his fancy may have suggested as actually his, in spite of the commonly accepted fiction that he belongs to the sadly commonplace pair who call him son, and he will see nothing incredible in the hero's unheralded appearance at a Wyoming cattle ranch. That the owner who brings him thither should insist upon calling him his nephew, and giving him a name denied by the hero, will appear a natural part of the game, and the boy reader will watch his ascent to the position of camp favorite with prescient eye. Elder readers meanwhile will be more and more puzzled as the tale proceeds for the author, Miss Mary K. Maule, a new writer, displays a veteran's skill in concealing all that the elder reader wishes to know, until it pleases her to reveal it, and then he also is pleased. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

In all the years since the publication of "The Amber Gods," very few

American women have deliberately him, and simple honesty is not to be for their beauty, and Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd's "A Cycle of Sunsets" is doubly remarkable because it comes from one who has repeatedly proved herself capable of valuable work in other fields. Having trained her mind, eye and hand to the minute, swift observation necessary to record the exact truth of an eclipse or other astronomical phenomenon, she has made her description of any celestial aspect or event a thousand fold more valuable than any that could possibly be produced by an observer not so trained. The reader feels tempted to go through the pretty volume, tabulating the colors recorded in order to know exactly which predominates and then one is disgusted with the very thought of such Mrs. Todd atprosaic treatment. tempts no such folly but she weaves the tissue of a pretty love story through which the beauty of air and cloud is seen and she sets a solemnly aristocratic black cat to be entirely unimpressed either by cloud or by story, and with that touch of contrast vivifies the whole spectacle. Best of all, she does not remind one of Ruskin, but is always unaffected. Little, Brown & Co.

Major James McLaughlin's "My Friend the Indian" attracts instant attention by its name. The Indian has enemies, he has flatterers; he has been studied, and he has been used as a means of obtaining advertisements, but, missionaries excepted, his friends have been few. Major McLaughlin seems to have earned the name given to him by the Indians themselves, by hard work extending over a period of thirty-eight years, during which he has been employed by the government to work for them and for their rights. He set himself to know the red man because simple honesty seemed to him the only policy to apply to commerce with

chosen to write of things noteworthy achieved by ignorance acting through interpreters and other interested third persons. Naturally, his Indian is not the Indian of romance, but still less is he the Indian of Sheridan. His apparent stoicism is shyness and secretiveness; he is capable of romantic love; he worships his children and indulges them unreasonably; and he sometimes develops exaggerated sentimentality. Major McLaughlin has not one story alone but sheaves of stories in proof of all his assertions and his book should count for much in the extensive and valuable literature which has grown up since the Zunis were studied by Cushing. He describes the battle of the Little Big Horn impartially, showing why Gen. Custer was defeated; and he treats of the Modocs, the Nez Percés and the Utes in the same spirit and his friendliness by no means hinders him from regretting that the Utes were not well punished for the Meeker massacre, to the end that they might be something better than the troublesome, unhappy creatures that they are to-day, "irresponsible, shiftless and defiant." He treats of them and their history in his penultimate chapter, thus making it the preface to "Give the Red Man his Portion," his closing argument for his He is hopeful for the Indian, if he can be left to himself, after receiving his money now held in trust for him by the government, together with a patent for his fee in allotment, and thus being transformed from a lazy annuitant into a man compelled to choose between energetic industry and perpetual discomfort. As the author's opinion is valuable it is to be hoped that the book of which it forms the climax will be carefully read. With its excellent pictures after photographs, and its regiment of good stories it affords amusement for the young and for the frivolous, but it is also a work for statesmen and legislators and ethnologists. Houghton Mifflin Co.

